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TRAVELS IN BOHEMIA,

WITH

A WALK

THROUGH THE

HIGHLANDS OF SAXONY.

AN OLD TRAVELLER.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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TRAVELS IN CENTRAL EUROPE.

CHAPTER I.

Introductory—Dover—How to cross the water?—Hydrophobic cowardice of old travellers—They take the leap—Ostend—Satisfactory disposal of luggage—Belgian characteristics—Metakin of the Baskets—Pays de Waes—Belgic industry—The men of Malines—How to drown the moon—Rapid transit through Belgium — Antwerp — The Gallery — Late contributions of the Burgomaster Van Estborn—Practical joking and its results.

Dover, April 26th.

"Ye gentlemen of England,
Who live at home at ease,
How little do ye think upon
The dangers of the seas!
When the stormy winds do blow!"

Utterly inapplicable to us, your scribes as-

pirant, is the above-cited stanza, whether said or sung; we do "think of the dangers," &c.; nay, we scarcely await the "stormy winds," to give us a fair pretext for doing so.

Accordingly, and though bound for Belgium, we are pulled up at the outset by the question, whether to cross the channel into France, whence we may go creeping along the coast to the Belgic frontier, in a certain disgraceful old fashion of our own, or, disdaining such inglorious compromise, to march boldly, and at once, on board the steamer for Ostend, as prudence and convenience declare to be most fitting.

By the first plan, we substitute a rapid run across, for the weariful length of a voyage seldom less than eight mortal hours in duration! but that pleasanter process is also the more costly one, besides that it threatens to give us additional torment with our baggage. The second, and more commonly adopted method, shortens the way, and will save money. We shall see.

OSTEND, April 28th.—The *argumentum ad pocketam*, as some one significantly denominates a class of motives not without weight in our decisions, has prevailed, settling for us the

question above stated, as it has done many others. Determined on the Belgian voyage, we took our courage in both hands, and stepping into the Ostend boat, with as bold an aspect as we could summon for the occasion, have been duly deposited on the desired *terra firma*, and are now at the Railway Station, whence we depart in a short time for the interior.

But first we have placed all our luggage in the hands of a forwarding agent for transmission to a distant point, where we propose to resume possession of the same, at our leisure; thus the mere transit, which is all that we intend to make at this time across Belgium—with the visits we propose paying to certain cities of Holland—will be made in the lightest marching order, a luxury which all experienced travellers will appreciate. But it is the sole indulgence that we mean to permit ourselves — sea-voyages and the worse than purgatory of the baggage-waggon apart, we are well prepared for "roughing it:" through the long and winding rambles here commencing, and which we hope to extend over the larger part of Central and Southern Europe.

All Englishmen are now more or less familiar with this country, and will agree, that by whatever gate they have chosen to enter the bounds of our Belgic ally, they have found the aspect of his subjects ever the same. Few are the sacrifices that they offer to the graces, and very ingenious must be that traveller who could invent a compliment to King Leopold on the deportment of his people.

There are doubtless many valuable qualities to be discovered, both in the country and its inhabitants, by him who makes a study of them; but the mere idler, who does nothing more than flit across the land, as we are doing, must needs be first struck by the stolid character of the general countenance. There are some few exceptions, but they are indeed very few: vacant, heavy, animalized faces afflict the eyes at every turn; and if it were not a well-known fact that the Belgians are in truth a most industrious people, the mere passer-by might with reason suppose them to be sunk in the lethargy of a hopeless torpor.

But you refuse all value to the testimony of such an observer—or rather non-observer—and you are right. Perchance, too, you will tell me

that there are certain of our own dear people who do "whistle as they go, for want of thought," while one would yet not willingly suffer them to be all written down dullards. No, certainly! dullards they are not—our people; and on that question am I ready to do battle with you, against the whole world. But these Belgians! there cannot be animation enough, in a whole dozen of them, to furnish forth one poor whistle!—Whistle, did you say? you will be happy indeed if they give you but half as much sign of life as would be implied in a whistle. Yet let none be maligned—they are perhaps receiving wrong at my hands; for, even at this moment, there is certainly something like a sensation becoming manifest among the hitherto "sleeping partners" of the company assembled in this station of Ostend, and who are waiting, like ourselves, for the trains in which they propose to travel. It is true that the faces are not lighted up to any great extent—these remain in their blank silence as before; neither are the large cumbrous forms lifted into active movement, but there is a determination of hands to the pockets, and the heads begin deliberately to turn them-

selves all in one direction. We do not yet see the motive power, but are hoping to do so presently; meanwhile we bid welcome to it, whatever may prove to be the nature thereof, since it has somewhat stirred that stagnant pool of life, from whose inert surface we have as yet breathed only the vapours of weariness.

MALINES, or MECHLIN.—The owner of a languid voice, who was seated beside us as we stood some hours since on the platform of the station at Ostend, pronounced quietly a few words, that sounded like "Metakin" and "baskets"—or rather like the Flemish equivalent for that last; wherefore, looking in the direction of our neighbour's eyes, we perceived the worthy cause of her mild emotion.

This was no other than a woman, bearing supernaturally piled baskets of cakes on her head, and holding one on each arm, with a smaller member of the same family, equally well provided and filled with eatables, in either hand. The evidently popular merchant had not yet come within hail—she was but "looming large" in the distance, yet the Belgic instinct had perceived her approach, and this it was

that had for a moment aroused the torpor of the masses to something resembling an interest in life.

When Metakin of the baskets had fully effected her important arrival, she was presently surrounded by the occupants of the platform, and the whole worshipful company then set to for a solemn eating. No mere cracking of a walnut was here—no careless nibbling of a biscuit, in that negligent fashion which characterises him who is not hungry, and does but eat, as our French neighbours aptly say, "with the edges of his teeth," by way of passing the time. This was the performance of a serious duty, conscientiously discharged. Every man, woman, and child among those breathing machines, sat, broad and square, each well fixed in his place, and with round eyes, steadily "glowering frae him," remained intent on the avocation in question. Thus employed it was that we left them, when summoned to take our place in the train for Mechlin—all were eating in profound silence, and like La Fontaine's wolf, though not "running," as he hath it, are most probably *eating* still.

But since they find that occupation so well suited to their taste, they have the best possible right to indulge in it, these worthy Belgians, having earned the privilege — they and their fathers before them—by an amount of thrifty labour, unsurpassed by the industry of any people under the sun. The careful cultivation of land in Belgium, more particularly in that part called the Pays de Waes, is a circumstance highly remarkable: the effects of unremitting care and industry are manifest in all directions, and these lend an interest to the country, which the monotonous features of its level surface might otherwise fail to secure for it.

Perceiving our appreciation of this advantage, a Belgian gentleman seated with us in the railway carriage, more than once called the attention of my companion to the evidences of skill and forethought exhibited by the farmers of his native land; this he did with a little touch of self-complacency by no means unbecoming, and your servants, true lovers of the subject, were assenting, with hearty good will, to the truth of his remarks, when the harmony of our little conclave incurred no small risk of interruption from

the somewhat inappropriate question of a Dutchman—also our fellow-traveller—as to which of the Belgic towns it was, whose wise men had set themselves to drown the moon?

"Drown the moon!" exclaimed your scribe in her ignorance; "and how did they propose to bring that about?"

"You shall hear," replied the Belgian, with a glance of displeasure at the laughing Hollander, "although the matter is not by any means worth mention. The gentleman alludes to a very poor joke, foolishly invented respecting the people of Mechlin. According to the would-be wits who delight in repeating this absurd story, it goes to the effect that the tower of Mechlin Cathedral was reported to be on fire, and as this is one of their most vaunted structures——"

"All the wise men of the city poured forth to the rescue," broke in the Dutchman, to our Belgic neighbour's infinite amazement; "they dashed pailful after pailful of the coldest water they could find, on the tower," he continued, utterly regardless of our grave companion's manifest surprise—not to say offence. "And when they had worked till their own jackets

were well soused—although they could make no impression on their fire—there came by a Dutchman, who, taking pity on their pains, informed the good men that they might as well permit themselves to go to bed, since the fire they were labouring to put out, would be best extinguished by the light of morning (which he furthermore assured them would soon come to their aid), seeing that what they took for flame, was nothing worse than the moonbeams shining through the gothic tracery of the building. The men of Malines went home accordingly, but their neighbours heard the story, and have not yet ceased to laugh at them for trying to put out the moon."

We had some inclination to join the laugh of these "neighbours," as the Hollander concluded his story, which he had evidently decorated for the occasion; nay, my own disposition to do so was largely increased by the solemn and affronted air of our Belgic fellow-traveller; but that worthy person looked really vexed withal, insomuch that your servant was compelled to repress her unlucky love of a laugh, and after a powerful effort, did contrive to maintain her gravity,

thanking the narrator with a bow of acknowledgment only, instead of that gleeful recognition of his *verve comique*, whereon the Dutchman had without doubt been reckoning.

We have not taken our way through Brussels on this occasion, nor do we propose to speak of Bruges, Ghent, Malines, and the other well-known cities of Belgium. Yet if they are passed over, that is not because they do not amply merit the traveller's best attention—few cities deserve his notice better, or more richly repay it; but because they have already been so well and fully described, as to need no mention here, and also because our own visit to them at this time has been so short a one, that it scarcely entitles us to enumerate them among the places we have seen.

The paintings by which the city of Antwerp in particular is so abundantly enriched, have been made known to English readers by some of our most able writers on art. The works of Rubens especially, which, as all know, form the pride and glory of the Antwerp Churches and Galleries, have been praised—I will not say to satiety, but certainly to sufficiency; and therefore,

although we have revisited these treasures, with an amount of interest and delight even greater than any experienced in the visits of previous years; yet I refrain from all description, and refer you to more competent authorities for whatever information you may desire respecting them.

On those valuable specimens of the old Flemish, German, and Italian masters, presented to the City some years since by the burgomaster Von Estborn, we do feel strongly tempted to dilate for a few moments, were it only to say how much pleasure we have derived from the sight of some among them; but we repress our desire to do so, knowing that even those later acquisitions have been treated of by writers entirely able to do them justice, and will therefore only add that a bust of the liberal donor has been added to the decorations of the Museum; this occupies a chaste and appropriate pedestal in the centre of the Gallery.

You have never heard Antwerp accused of being specially addicted to the coarse and cruel vice of practical joking? No, certainly, neither have I, and the charge would be too serious a one to bring against any individual, man or city

without good and sufficient reason. But it is a truth, that in the only two visits made to Antwerp by your present scribe and servant, instances of that inconceivable perversity, which consists in seeking amusement by the infliction of suffering, have been brought prominently into notice. This morning we were shocked by the spectacle of our comely handmaiden's pleasant face, contused and swoln to so frightful an extent, that we could not recognise a feature, and found, on enquiry, that she had been made the victim of one of those unpardonable outrages called practical jokes: we were then instantly reminded of an occurrence somewhat similar, the dismal effects of which we had ourselves witnessed when last here. The matter was on this wise.

I was seated in the shop of a bookseller, waiting the good pleasure of my companion, who was turning over some engravings with the master of the house, when my attention was attracted by a face of most extraordinary beauty, the owner of which, a girl of some twenty years, stood in a doorway opposite. I saw the face only in profile; but even so, was displeased with the expression, which was bad to such a degree,

that the menace of the scowl was equally remarkable with the beauty of the outline.

At the moment when she attracted my attention, an old gentleman entered the shop, and glancing at my awful-looking beauty, he said to the good woman behind the counter:

"That girl ought not to show her face; and if she have not feeling to know it for herself, some one should tell her so."

Astonished at so harsh a remark, I listened with a friendly feeling to the shopkeeper's exculpatory reply, which went to the effect that, "to do her justice, the unhappy creature rarely did suffer herself to be seen."

I then turned to take another look at the subject of these observations; when the cause of the old man's remark became obvious, in a manner so frightful, that the suddenness of my surprise shook me out of my self-possession, and I could not help uttering an exclamation.

The girl had turned herself round, presenting the opposite side of her face, and I then saw that every trace of humanity was fairly eaten from the visage: so repulsive a spectacle as the obverse of that statue-like profile by which my

attention had been first engaged, could not be conceived by the most diseased imagination. The terrors of reality alone could furnish forth such a sight; the very festering of the charnel-house can scarcely be more hideous or more loathsome; and the words "she ought not to show herself," which had seemed to me so cruelly harsh, were not only explained—they were almost justified.

All the features of that most hapless face were gnawed and corroded into one fearful mass of putrescence; there was no brow, no eye, no cheek, no lips, nor any chin—all were gone—nay, rather, were finishing their departure, for the dreadful process was still going on; and there, in the sight of the offended sun, did that unseemly spectacle of death in life exhibit its still-continuing ravages.

It was not a show to linger on; but in the short moment while I endured to look, there came up a tall slight youth, with that melancholy looseness of limb and peculiarity of carriage, which marks the presence of idiotcy; a pale, faint smile crossed the uninjured profile of the unhappy girl—a smile on that sad face! Alas,

alas! it was the most melancholy gleam—but over the beautiful remains of the wreck it *did* pass, and for a moment there was light amidst the darkness. She turned as the youth reached her; and both then walking together down the long entrance, under the arched door of which she had been standing, the pair, who were evidently brother and sister, were lost to view.

"You see, Doctor, she was looking for Gerardt," said the mistress of the shop, and the "Doctor" assented; but your servant had taken that old man in high dudgeon, and could not help asking him if he did not think so dreadful a misfortune as the disease, from which it was clear that the unfortunate girl was suffering, merited pity rather than the reproach due to crime.

I got put into my place after that outbreak, with but little delay. The old man, defending himself with much animation from the imputation of cruelty, declared that he had known serious injury to result to at least one delicate person from having suddenly seen her, and meant only to say that her public appearance was unbecoming, because it was unsafe.

A sort of peace having been patched up, I then learned the history of that poor Gerardt and his miserable sister; a very melancholy one it was, as you shall hear.

They were the sole relics of a family, "tainted," as the old doctor said, with the very worst forms of scrofula; but these two children had long appeared to be exempt from the influence of the fearful scourge which had destroyed their kindred, and were the pride of a doting grandfather, in whose care they lived.

Both had early shown remarkable talent; the boy being much distinguished at his school, and the girl an accomplished singer as well as first-rate musician. But her temper and disposition were demoniac; she seemed never satisfied but when giving pain to something, man or beast; her young brother more especially the object of her persecution, although he loved her beyond measure, was as remarkable for his gentle sweetness as she for her malignant violence, and endured her many outrages with the patience of an angel.

"I believe that poor Lotta's malady was even then showing itself," said the pitying mistress

of the shop; "not appearing externally, it was made manifest in her wickedness. I have always thought so, and many other people are of the same opinion; even Doctor Schubenheim says that all who are so unfortunate as to have that dreadful disease, show more or less of malignity, and cannot help themselves."

"Doctor Schubenheim is a blockhead!" returned the old man, roughly; but the good woman maintained her theorem with many an instance in proof, to which your servant listened somewhat impatiently, having but little more time to give.

"Be all this as it may," at length continued our Doctor, "let me now get on with what I was saying, and tell this foreign lady how Lotta made her brother an idiot.

"For it was she who brought him to that fearful condition," he added, glancing sharply at myself, as one who had not yet forgotten the recent attack made upon him; "and I have never since been able to look at her with patience.

"Gerardt had been absent for his matriculation at the University of ———, and during this time, his grandfather, removing from his old

quarter of the city, had made a change in their abode; thus the home to which the youth was then about to return, was in a part of Antwerp not known to him. Lotta could not refuse herself the pleasure of inflicting, or, as it is called, playing off, on her brother, one of those practical jokes which it was her great delight to concoct, and by which she had more than once affronted her neighbours, and tormented even her grandfather as well as Gerardt.

"There is a long narrow garden attached to the house you see opposite, and which was then new to Gerardt; an old crab-tree throws its arms out in a weird and ghastly fashion, at the extremity of that garden, and these limbs of the crab tree it would seem to have been, that gave the girl the detestable idea which she carried out to the destruction of her brother's intellect.

"She wrote to the youth, bidding him make halt at a village about half a league from the city, and telling him that he would there find herself, with two of her companions, who proposed to meet him at that place for the purpose of accompanying him home; the hour appointed being shortly before nightfall.

"Gerardt waited for his sister accordingly, but when darkness ensued, and no Lotta appeared, he proceeded on his way; taking the path she had pointed out as that by which the garden of their house was approached. He had crossed the fields, and was issuing from a wood at the termination of his walk, having now but a few steps to go, when he perceived a tall figure of strange and ghastly aspect, standing in a menacing attitude on the path before him. Compelling himself to master his fear, the poor Gerardt advanced some few more steps; but as he did so, the awful-looking form lifted its arms over his head, while a sound of unearthly menace put the feeble resolution he had summoned to the rout. He cowered to the ground, and, more unfortunate than if his senses had been scared out of him, remained prostrate in terror, doubtless passing all the dismal night with eyes fixed on the fearful spectre which so horribly barred his way.

"It was in that grievous condition that I found the hapless boy—for I was myself the first who chanced to come to his rescue, being on my return to the city after a night passed

with a patient at Clewendorf; but it was near daybreak, and the hours of unimaginable horror he had endured had turned the poor Gerardt to what you have just seen. I found him a drivelling idiot, mopping and mowing at the hideous spectacle contrived by his sister, but unable to pass beyond it."

"But the wretched girl did not know that he had remained there all night," interposed the good woman of the shop.

"Nor did she know the contrary," broke in the Doctor. "She pretended to believe, as I well remember, that Gerardt had turned back to seek a refuge at Clewendorf; but she has none the less to answer for the destruction of her brother's faculties.

"Assisted by a dolt of a cousin, whom the rare beauty she then possessed had made her slave, the malicious girl had contrived a figure of most awful effect, by the fashion in which she had dressed the old apple-tree, whose arms her confederate and herself found no difficulty in raising above the head of their victim in the manner described.

"Even in the grey light of morning, when I

saw it myself, their mummery was not unlikely to startle a timid spectator, approaching, as did Gerardt, from the little wood whence it first became apparent."

"You know, Doctor," here ventured the shopkeeper, "that you did yourself admit the despair of Lotta to be something terrible to behold, when she came to remove the traces of her joke, and found ——"

"Joke! Madame ——; say rather crime! for it was nothing less."

"Crime then, Doctor, if you will have it so; but I have heard you say yourself, that when she saw you endeavouring to raise Gerardt from the earth, and discovered the dreadful manner in which he had passed the night, her face assumed an expression that was even appalling in its unutterable woe; we all know that not one moment of happiness has been hers from that hour."

"What you say is but too true, in this instance," admitted the Doctor, in milder tones. "She has repented, without doubt; her devotion to her poor victim has been almost as remarkable, perhaps, as was her previous malignity."

"I would still rather call the early waywardness of her character the evidence of her disease than of malignity," insisted his colloquist. "You know well that since the poison, which was doubtless always in action, has betrayed itself externally, she has given no proofs of a bad heart; and I cannot help thinking that her ancient defects arose from the same cause with that which has brought about the destruction of her beauty, unless, indeed, you prefer to say with her aunt Gretchen, that the frightful ravages of the disease are permitted as a judgment upon her, for her previous harshness and cruelty."

She looked at the Doctor with a good-natured smile as she spoke, and they were continuing their discussion when I left them. I did not hear the conclusion; but it most probably ended, as such discussions commonly do, by rendering each disputant more than ever wedded to his own opinion.

CHAPTER II.

Holland and the Hollanders—"Component parts" according to the authorities—Marvel to wit—Deliberations in a Council of Two—Noble character of Dutch Cities—Breda—Patriotism of the Dutch—A critical moment—Principal church of Breda and its monuments—Burgomaster Willibrod and his daughter—Endobert Van Beverlandt—The Soothsayer—A "wise woman" in the fortress—The clue falls nevertheless—What Godalième did with her knitting needles.

We do not travel in the manner of princes, and accordingly entered Holland in the diligence. I desire moreover to record that we were in very good humour, a condition not always to be predicated of old travellers, as the conscience of many who are in that category will bear witness. We had obtained the *coupè* of the vehicle, and

had it all to ourselves, although we had not secured the third place for that purpose, as is frequently done when the company consists of two persons only, as was the case in the present instance.

The conversation of this party, during its transit between Antwerp and the handsome town of Breda—where it hath now made halt—turned principally on the question, whether there were more land or more water in the five and twenty leagues or so, interposing their humid length between Breda and Antwerp.

Now, what with canals, rivers, drains, streamlets, and other watery ways—natural and artificial—your worships' poor servant was disposed to maintain that the water had the ascendant; but that "higher authority," who, for more years than need now be counted to you, hath ever arrogated the majority, and claimed the casting vote in our council of two, was inclined to believe that land did, to a certain extent, predominate. Your scribe had therefore no choice but to succumb; it was nevertheless determined, *nemine contradicente*, by the council aforesaid, that those pleasing compliments, with which the

Dutch have been gratified from time to time, apropos to their amphibious state, are not without their justification.

We except Voltaire's impertinent "Adieu," in which, as it appears to us, there is little beside impertinence; but the unimpeachable truth of our own Andrew Marvel's description is manifest at every step; and however extravagant his curious couplets may appear to those who have not visited the country, one line or other of the Yorkshire patriot's effusion will certainly recur to their recollection, many times in each mile, whenever they come "there to see."

Ecce signum—

"Holland, that scarce deserves the name of 'land.'"

Witness the doubts of your servant no later than this morning:

"As but the offscouring of the British strand,
And so much earth as was contributed
By English pilots when they heaved the lead," &c.

Now I will not affirm that my geological knowledge—which has yet to be acquired, by the way—hath enabled me to verify the assertion

of Marvel, as to the liberality of our own shores in contributing to form those of Holland, nor do I pretend to have recognized any of our property therein "by mark o' mouth;" but it is none the less true that the country has all the appearance of having been "fished to shore" with the "mad labour" Marvel describes, and that the people do not yet seem to have finished "collecting anxiously small loads of clay" in the same service.

In their cities, however—though it cannot be said that there is no trace of a watery origin, seeing that they are all built, more or less, on piles—the Hollanders have a better excuse for pride than most people. What a noble town is this Breda, for example; yet my recollection of the other Dutch cities, which we are now about to revisit, assures me that it is not by any means among the most distinguished. Bravely and well, too, did Breda maintain her part in the terrible struggles so long maintained by this country against the tyranny of Spain. The story of Adrian Vandenberg, with many others that might be told on the same subject, has been often repeated; but it will very probably be new to some, and is so creditable to the parties con-

cerned, that it can scarcely be told too frequently ; and I will at least give you the substance of it.

The circumstance took place in 1590, and the stratagem for ejecting the Spaniards from the city was "concerted between a brave veteran of Prince Maurice's army, Captain Harauguer, and the before-mentioned Adrian Vandenberg, who was the owner of a barge that supplied the garrison with turf for fuel.

"On February 26th, Harauguer, with eighty picked soldiers, entered the barge, and all were carefully covered over with a cargo of turf. The boat had not many miles to go from the place where it was laden, yet it was so greatly impeded by contrary winds and by the frost, which had covered the water with a thick coat of ice, that it did not reach the town until three days after their departure, and it was not until the fifth day—third of March, at midnight—that the sluice gates of the Citadel were opened, and the barge admitted."

"To add to the perils of the crew, the boat sprang a leak, and the soldiers stood up to their knees in water; after a time, one of them, Mathias Helt—let the names of such men never

be forgotten!—began to cough so violently, that in his fear of causing the detection of the party, he entreated his companions to kill him with his own sword. Happily their boat was not examined with much rigour by the guard, and the sacrifice of the brave Mathias soon ceased to be required."

"But an equally pressing danger now threatened the 'concealed adventurers;' so much of the turf was carried off by the Spaniards for their use, that the boards beneath which Harauguer and his band lay concealed, were well nigh laid bare, and had not Vandenberg contrived by his jokes and witticisms to turn suspicion from his cargo, all must have been discovered. As it was, the party remained in their hiding-place until the soldiers of the garrison, affected by the spirits with which Vandenberg had taken care to supply them, had fallen asleep; the veteran Harauguer then came forth with his men from their miserable retreat, the sentinels were secured, and the rest of the garrison, unprepared for so sudden an attack, abandoned the castle in terror. They did not even take the precaution of breaking down the draw-

bridge leading from it into the city, and Breda was entered a few days afterwards by Prince Maurice and his army."

"When the Spaniards, after many fruitless attempts, at length succeeded in retaking the city of Breda, which was not until thirty-five years after its capture by Harauguer, they burnt the barge of Adrian Vandenberg, which the Dutch had up to that time carefully preserved as a memento of his exploit."*

The tomb of Count Engelbert, of Nassau, with his effigy and that of his wife, attributed, but not with very good authority, to Michael Angelo, is one of the glories of Breda; it is in the principal church (Protestant), where there are likewise carvings in wood, representing monks in various attitudes, and intended to satirize the vices of the clergy.

Not a few are the commentaries, acted, said, and sung, on the declaration that "Love laughs at locksmiths;" and here—in this goodly town of Breda, that is—they have a story, which I dimly remember to have heard related of some other place, but cannot recal the where.

* See Murray's Handbook for North Germany, p. 87.

A burgomaster of the city had affianced his daughter to the son of one of the richest merchants; and for once the course of true-love did run smooth, up to a certain period, since the young people were equally, not to say better, satisfied than the parents, and all went merry as the "marriage bell," of which you have heard before, and which Eudobert van Beverlandt, the bridegroom elect, was hoping to set ere long in motion.

But what lovers propose, malicious Fate is too ready to dispose to the contrary. The father of Eudobert lost his wealth, after the fashion familiar to merchants of that day, whose ships were taken by "Sallee rovers," whenever a richer freight than common rendered that process least desirable; Willebrod van Audegham, the burgomaster, then declared to his daughter Godelieve, that she must think no more of her lover.

To what extent the maiden practised obedience, we do not find recorded; but what the legend does relate is, that Eudobert protested loudly against the injustice done him,—declared that he was still in a condition to support his wife in a manner that would content her, if not

her father, and defied the latter to prevent him from making her his own.

That was an imprudent step of Eudobert, and had your servant been of his counsel—— but enough said—the gauntlet was thrown, it was promptly lifted by the burgomaster, and that worthy magistrate prepared for battle accordingly: he sent his daughter to her chamber, that is to say, as it was well his right to do. But not content with the security he had thus obtained, Willebrod van Audegham consulted his brother, who held an office of trust in the fortress of Breda, and who bade him send Godeliève to him, when he would bestow her in such fashion within the defences of the castle, that nothing short of a ten years' siege should suffice to take her thence.

With that arrangement the burgomaster was for some time well satisfied, and more than once taunted the luckless Eudobert, whom in his turn he defied to approach the strongly-guarded tower of his imprisoned love; yet he thought in his heart that Eudobert did not look sufficiently discouraged, and the burgomaster Willibrod felt his fears revive. He had visited

his daughter in the castle ; and he knew that her apartments were in the uppermost chambers of a turret, around which there flowed the waters of the Merk ; while the ancient gentlewoman, on whom he had conferred the office of *gouvernante*, was a very dragon of prudence and vigilance. Still, the father was not at ease, the confident aspect of Eudobert haunted him ; and desiring to know whether he had or had not sufficiently provided for all contingencies, he finally repaired to a noted soothsayer.

The wise man questioned him with careful minuteness as to the precautions he had taken for the security of the guarded treasure, and the burgomaster described all he had done as minutely. He dwelt on the height of the turret, and the depth of the waters that flowed beneath ; dilated on the strength of the bars that closed in the cage of his bird, not at door only, but at window also; and on the yet more impregnable strength of that living bar, called Dame Trüdchen, the formidable gouvernante aforesaid, whose fidelity and watchfulness he would equally affirm to be of proof.

Now, if you think that he therein acted ju-

diciously, I will not say you are wrong; but I have a private opinion on that head, although I do not now insist upon the same.

The soothsayer admitted all these precautions to be wise and prudent, yet he did not seem wholly satisfied, and being pressed by the good Willibrod to say wherein he considered the defences described to be insufficient, he enquired in return if it were certain that the fair Godelièvе had no weapons of steel in her possession?

"None whatever," declared the father,—but for the greater security, he hurried to the castle, and summoning Dame Trüdchen to his presence, he set on foot the needful enquiries.

"Certainly, Godelièvе had no weapons," the Argus declared to him, with much solemnity, "unless, indeed, it were her scissors;" and these the careful gouvernante now took from her; nay, she was even about to return for her knitting-needles, but the father took pity on the tears of his child, thus menaced with the deprivation of her only solace, and assured that the wise man would not call knitting-needles a weapon, he contented himself with the scissors,

which he deposited with that sage before the sun went down.

Some hours later, a more youthful enquirer was seen to leave the soothsayer's door; and there are those who affirm that the spirit of his air and carriage could belong to no other than Eudobert van Beverlandt.

Many weeks elapsed. The burgomaster, comforted mightily by his consultations with the sage, had acquired the power of breathing freely. Dame Trüdchen was unrelaxing in her vigilance, as he well knew, because she had averred it, on her allegiance to Our Lady of the five green crosses,—she being of the older creed—and with such asseverations, that none but a heathen would question her veracity, and a heathen the good burgomaster was not.

And it was true that Dame Trüdchen did keep a very bright look out; she had even refused to grant poor Godelièvе the comfort of having her fortune told, when indulging herself and her damsels in that then favourite pastime, insomuch that the weird woman—a strangely, masculine aspect she had by the way — but that's neither here nor there, and in any case is

no business of ours—who had made her way into the fortress for that purpose, could bestow nothing from her wisdom on the burgomaster's daughter, save only the recommendation that, when sitting to knit, as she was then doing, by the bars of her window, she should be very careful not to drop her clue into the waters below.

Godeliève became very cautious in her knitting accordingly; but one evening, as the twilight was deepening into night, she beheld a slight coracle stealing quietly across the waters; and there was something in the tall figure occupying the boat that startled Godeliève to the degree of making her forget the caution of the fortune-teller; or perhaps she was pondering on it too deeply, for it is certain that, as the coracle glided beneath her window, that unlucky ball of silk fell from the fingers of its mistress, and alighted with a bound in the very centre of the boat.

The clue was not suffered to remain long there, I must tell you; yet, and however zealously the owner laboured to recover it, she could not draw it back so swiftly, but that it had contracted a considerable accession of bulk. By

the faint light nothing further could be descried; but when Godelièvе, anxious to investigate the cause of so remarkable a phenomenon, had procured her night lamp, there might be seen a fold of paper curiously involved amidst the threads of the clue, nor, to judge from the heightened colour of her who discovered that marvel, was the surface, when displayed, found to be altogether blank.

You will perhaps believe that Eudobert was no stranger to the contents of the missive, but what I can affirm is that the words "Dear Aunt Ludoline" were the whispered comment of Godelièvе, breathed softly to herself as she placed her treasure in a safe receptacle; and you see well that there was not a syllable respecting Eudobert in those words.

Hearing this, and remembering that penny postages had not then been invented, you will doubtless now conclude that a kind relation, of the degree just mentioned, had taken that method for communicating with her niece, and if such be your opinion, I will not gainsay it: but I have my own theory on that matter too.

Let it, nevertheless, suffice to say, that a

similar misfortune happened more than once to Godeliève's clue, and though always recovered, it never returned looking quite as when it went down.

One night, when this accident occurred, and when Godeliève had made some progress in winding up that erratic ball of hers, Dame Trüdchen entered, just when she was least desired, and the poor maiden had well nigh tumbled out, as the clue had done: but recovering herself in time, she began to ply her knitting-needles with most laudable industry, standing carefully before the window the while, to conceal from her gouvernante that the clue from which she was operating had gone forth to take the air. Unhappily, a bright rose silk had that night become entwined, by some means, with the thread of her knitting, and to this was fastened a cord, which was but the commencement of a more solid rope, conjoined with the same, for a purpose best known to Godeliève and her confederates, if such she had; but which, supposing you to guess it, you are on no account to betray to Dame Trüdchen.

Now that the keen eyes of the gouvernante

would fail to perceive the mingled line of the thread with which her knitting-needles were busied, was what the trembling performer on those instruments dared not hope, and she felt much as one might do, who had been set to twist the cord with which he was himself to be "justified."

For two mortal hours, as it seemed to poor Godelièvе, did that pernicious old woman go trotting about her chamber, and if those hours were but minutes, in deed and fact, which of us is there who has not counted time as inaccurately? At length the matron turned her steps towards the door, but not until she had got beyond it, could the fingers of Godelièvе cease from trembling. She then hastily completed the work, interrupted by the entrance of Trüdchen. This consisted in drawing up a rope of goodly dimensions, which was found to have appended itself to that series of cords commenced by the slight rose thread, so tremulously knitted into her fabric by the unsteady fingers of Godelièvе.

This rope, in compliance with previous instructions, she now made fast to the bars of

her window, and that done, the captive sat innocently down to knit, with less apprehension of her gouvernante's eyes on the work.

In due time, all were sleeping in the fortress, save only one zealous knitter, and she kept steadily on with her work. Then it was that a boat, much larger than the coracle into which our Godeliève's clue had so strange a propensity for tumbling, was seen to steal across the Merk, and as it approached the well-barred window, Burgomaster Willibrod's bird peeped forth of her cage, when she might be aware of at least three persons, one of whom was a woman, approaching therein; and all were soon beneath the walls of her prison-house.

A moment more, and one of the three amateurs, who had chosen that unusual hour for boating, sprang lightly up a certain contrivance, which I greatly fear was a ladder of rope, and after some short delay, the slight form of Godeliève was seen to insinuate itself between the friendly bars, which were strong enough to lend effectual aid to such an adventure, but were not, as it should seem, placed closely enough to prevent the lithe and flexible captive from

passing between them. An instant of terrified anxiety to the lady in the boat, and her companion, was succeeded by the successful embarcation therein of two aerial voyagers; when the repetition of that "Dear Aunt Ludoline," which we heard before, announced the safe reunion of Godelièvе and her kinswoman of that degree. The boat then departed to the place whence it came.

On the following morning, Willibrod, the burgomaster, was summoned at an unusually early hour to the castle, and was there shown the chamber of his daughter, of whom no trace remained, save only a short missive, to the effect that she was in good and safe keeping. This was addressed to Van Audegham, and was signed, "Your sister, Ludoline."

Seeing that name, Willibrod exclaimed,—

"Nay! an' Ludoline be at the bottom of the matter, I may wash my hands of it forthwith, for it is certain that she will have her way."

He repaired to the soothsayer, nevertheless, reproaching him for the assurance he had given, that Godelièvе was in safe keeping while she had no weapons of steel in her possession, but

he was again compelled to beat a retreat in discomfiture; the wise man having elicited the fact that he had permitted his daughter to retain her knitting-needles, and giving him no better comfort than might be found in the following question. "Dost thou, Willibrod van Audegham, being, as thou art, the burgomaster of this great city of Breda, still know woman so little as to believe that she can lack a weapon while her knitting-needles are left her?"

And with that, the puzzled magistrate was departing, but the soothsayer called him back, to declare that a sudden whisper from his familiar spirit had just made known to him an important fact: this was no other than the safe arrival in good port, of those argosies, by the supposed loss whereof Eudobert van Beverlandt's wealth had been engulfed. That intelligence gave a much-altered colour to the whole affair.

Willibrod returned to his dwelling with better heart than he had left it, and the favourable intelligence being confirmed before the set of sun, by Eudobert himself, no just cause then remained for withholding his consent to the

marriage, which was solemnized at the house of dear Aunt Ludoline, without the omission of any ceremony proper to such occasions.

Now there are gossiping tongues, that affirm the soothsayer to have much abetted the evasion of Godelièvе; and these declare that he even made "third's" man with Eudobert and Aunt Ludoline in the boat which bore her away. Nay, another story goes to the effect that even Dame Trüdchen had winked very hard in the matter of the clue, if she had not persuaded the sentinels to do the like in favour of Eudobert's bark. But she averred her fidelity, as we have said, by her faith in "Our Lady of the Five Green Crosses"— no less; wherefore I must needs hold such rumours to be apocryphal, and do not think you will feel inclined to give them credit.

CHAPTER III.

Dordrecht—Exhibition of London in 1851—How appreciated by foreigners—The Grand Pensionary—Margaret and her master—The patriot brothers—Rotterdam—Delft—The Ruwart of Brabant—The Spanish assassin—A promise to the Virgin—The Burgundian and his abettors.

PREPARING to leave Breda this morning, and still travelling in the diligence, we found a companion in the person of a Dutch lady, who proved to be a pleasing and intelligent woman. She had connections in England, as she informed us after some little conversation, and had visited our country in 1851, to be present at the opening of the Great Exhibition. On this subject she would doubtless have dilated, much to the gratification of our national vanity. We at

least were flattering ourselves with hopes to that effect, and had prepared to exhibit that modesty of aspect, and to utter those disclaimers of too absolute a superiority, usual with such as are in the receipt of high praise. But all these preparations were so much labour lost; just as the lady must needs have been on the point of commencing her eulogy, at a place which I think was Moerdjk, we were all turned out of the diligence into a steamer, where our late companion found an acquaintance, who absorbed her attention so completely that she forgot to say those pretty things, respecting us and ours, for which the ears of your scribe had "opened the portals of expectation."

The steamer soon halted to land its passengers at the quaint old town of Dort (Dordrecht), the most ancient city in Holland; but it was not until we had well examined all that presents a front to the river, that we began to prepare for landing.

We commenced our walk through the city by passing up a long street, lined on both sides with the varied and picturesques façades of tall old houses, each a study that might worthily have

occupied more time than we proposed to give to the whole; we next crossed a series of bridges over numerous canals; the quays presenting a most singular array of pointed gables and buildings, all of richly varied character. Some of these edifices were evidently of great age, and not a few were leaning in directions so capricious, and at angles so portentous, as to remind us forcibly of the kind of land we stood on.

"Fast to the stake a struggling country bound,
Where barking waves still bait the forced ground,"

Rejoicing that those "gigantic piles," wherewith the Hollander doth "rivet his new-catched" acres, were of such goodly magnitude, we proceeded down another street, equally curious with that we had ascended, and feeling tolerably secure in the faith that the piles aforesaid would hold their own for our time, we passed boldly over bridge after bridge, crossing one canal after another, until we finally regained our boat, much gratified by the glance we had taken at this profoundly interesting old town, but with sincere regret that we had not made arrangements for passing the night there. The principal cause of

this regret was, not that we had thereby failed to see the common tavern into which the building used by the famous "synod of Dort" for its sittings is now turned; nor yet because we had not had sufficient time for our visit to the principal church, whose high tower we had seen from the deck of the steamer, but because we would fain have lingered somewhat more about the birthplace of our two veritable heroes (not all those of history are *our* heroes), Johann and Cornelis de Witt, who first saw the light in Dort.

The memory of those truly great men is still kept fresh in the minds of their people, and is hallowed with the utmost reverence, as it should be. One of the steamers daily leaving the quays of a neighbouring city is called Johann de Witt, after the Grand Pensionary, and her consort bears the name of Cornelis—or, as we say, Cornelius—his brother.

There is a touching tradition connected with the first-mentioned of these brothers, but as I cannot find an authentic source for the same, in the accredited historians of the period, I do but give you the tale "as 'twas told to me," and will

not vouch for the literal accuracy of the facts. Thus it runs :

His mother had a maid called Margaret, and on this poor girl, endowed with qualities of character above what is usually expected from those of her class, it would seem that the gentle bearing of her master had produced an impression which he had not intended to convey, and the very existence of which he was far from suspecting. With the patriarchal simplicity of his land and time, De Witt—though himself still young—took thought, at the proper period, for the due establishment in life of this his handmaid, preparing her dowry as was meet, and himself proposing the various parties who did not fail to present themselves as suitors for her hand, seeing that Margaret was fair of person and much esteemed. But each was rejected in his turn,—not one was permitted to attempt the subjugation of her heart; Margaret would not even consent to see her various suitors, a determined resolve against marriage being assigned as the reason why none should be suffered to present his homage in person to the fair girl, where she sat sheltered from all unauthorized

intrusion, and duly cared for, in the house of her master.

Things long stood thus ; De Witt most probably attributing the reserve of the maiden to some womanly caprice, not likely to be durable, and permitting her to choose her own time. And Margaret? who shall say what were the hopes and illusions that filled the silence of her life with deep whisperings, more eloquent than all music? Might she not have believed that the proposals of others were laid before her as indirect means of question? had she not grounds of hope that, in despite of her lowliness, the pole-star of her existence would at length deign to cast its beams on her path?

Who shall reply to this? let it suffice to say, that if these illusions ever existed, they were destined to a pitiable destruction. Years had passed on, and the master, on one evil day, did so gravely remonstrate with the poor Margaret on the neglect of her own interest, which a new rejection of yet another suitor had betrayed, that further doubt was impossible. To him she was but the servant of his house, whom he would not willingly see left to an old age of want and

suffering—that and no more! Heart-struck, the hapless girl bowed meekly to her master's reproof. On his pressing her to recall her refusal, she obeyed without a murmur that could be audible to human ear, and within a certain period became wife to the man who had found favour with De Witt.

Drearily the years passed by—many changes took place, but none in Margaret's feelings—she could not forget; and the pure love of her girlhood became the worship of her maturer day. Childless, and living alone with her husband, no newer ties were formed to weaken those of old, and she had no pride, no enjoyment but in the name and fame of her master.

At length came the time of sorrow; the brothers, John and Cornelius, were accused—how falsely we all know—of conspiring to assassinate the Prince of Orange. Cornelius was thrown into prison at the Hague, where the residence of Margaret had been fixed at her marriage, and John, who was tenderly attached to his brother, had repaired thither to visit him, when the people, incited by a calumnious report that the Grand Pensionary and his brother were

in treaty with the French king for the sale of their common country, burst into the prison where they sat in conference, and dragging them forth, did literally tear them to pieces, with circumstances of brutal atrocity from which the memory recoils with shuddering.

I scarcely know a more frightful page in history, which yet has so many that are hideous, than is presented by the destruction of these truly patriot brothers; but we are now to speak of Margaret.

Anxiously seated in her husband's dwelling, she was listening with eagerness to the words of the passers by, not ignorant of the dangers threatening her master's family, but looking upon himself, without doubt, as a something too high and sacred to be the aim of popular fury. Suddenly a fearful rumour reached her ear. He had gone to the prison of Cornelius, and the castle where his brother lay was attacked by the populace: such was the report of the hour! Her husband entering, confirmed her worst fears, and she rushed forth, resisting his efforts to detain her. It was but for a few steps; at the very threshold of her dwelling she beheld the mangled

form of him who had been the god of her idolatry. Still palpitating with life, it was dragged before her by the desecrating hands of the yelling murderers; and who shall marvel if the sight proved too much, for her to whose starting eyes its horrors were presented. Her husband received into his outstretched arms but the lifeless form of her whom he well loved, and when she afterwards awoke it was happily not to consciousness of her woes. A few days of dreaming fancies ensued, during which the poor Margaret was ceaselessly occupied with imaginary preparations for a bridal that was not for her; and the secret of her life, concealed till that moment, became known. This did not last—her lot of suffering was mercifully brought to a close—she never recovered to the perception of her real state; and ten days after that which had blighted her, the broken heart had ceased to suffer.

Of Rotterdam, where we left the steam-boat, I need say but little, since you are all familiar with its appearance and character—you know that its streets are quays, joined one to the other by innumerable bridges, and presenting

long ranges of houses with high pointed gables; you know that the principal church has a fine organ, which we did not hear; and that a bronze statue of Erasmus, simple and dignified, stands on one of the widest of the bridges before-mentioned. This is indeed so wide, that one never suspects it of being a bridge, but takes it for the market-place—it is in fact, so used,—and for nothing less solid and firm.

One of my readers, at least, will remember this statue, were it only for the mystification to which a certain wise man of Rotterdam subjected him some thirteen years since; when, being then but a child, he was sent to watch before it for the striking of twelve o'clock. He had been assured that when Erasmus heard that hour strike he would infallibly close the great bronze book, which, as you will remember, the figure holds in its hands. The poor child was not easily consoled for the disappointment that ensued—it was his first experience of the kind; and his look of amazement, as the well-satisfied laugh of the solemn-looking old personage who had sent him on his bootless errand, revealed to him the fact that he had been purposely deceived, added

greatly to the delight of the latter, making his poor old toothless mouth extend itself in a melancholy sort of movement from ear to ear. I see them now—the weak old man, rejoicing over his hacknied jest, the bright, intelligent boy, astonished that a grown-up person should make an assertion not confirmed by the fact. But enough of these old recollections—let us turn to the matters of the day.

The city of Delft has greatly fallen from the prosperity which it enjoyed before the Wedgewoods of our own land had saved it the trouble of making crockery for the world. But the more than deserted, the desolate and despairing aspect now worn by its streets, flanked as they are by large and handsome houses, should not be attributed wholly to their loss of trade, but rather, as I think, to the recollection retained by every stone, of that hideous crime, of which their city was the theatre, when the Ruwart of Brabant, William I., Prince of Orange, was so foully murdered within its walls. I give the account in the very words of the criminals, as I find them in the notes appended to his work by a German historian of high authority—Professor Ranke.

"All-powerful in the Assembly of the States; acknowledged by a great religious and political party as its chief and leader; in close alliance with all the Protestants of Europe, and more especially so with his neighbours the Germans; the Ruwart of Brabant, William of Orange, possessed unbounded influence in all the northern provinces of the Netherlands; and even after the heavy reverses inflicted on the Protestant party by Don John of Austria, and his successor, Alexander Farnese, the Jesuits maintained that nothing effectual had been done, since the Prince of Orange still survived. They affirmed that no security could be hoped for while he lived, and clearly proved that his existence gave force and consistency to all who were yet in active opposition to the Catholic power, while it prevented hope from expiring, even in the bosoms of the vanquished.

"The price of twenty-five thousand crowns was accordingly set upon his head; and amidst the fierce excitement of the times, there could not fail to be found men whose avarice or fanaticism would prompt them to earn it. I do not think the annals of humanity can furnish a more

fearful blasphemy than that found in the papers of the Biscayan Jaureguy, who was taken in the first attempt made on the life of the Prince. On his person—as a kind of amulet—he carried a written prayer, in which he besought 'the merciful godhead who appeared to men in the person of Christ,' to aid in the completion of the murder, and proposed to lay aside a portion of the reward for the Divine Trinity! in the event of its being accomplished!! Then followed the specification of articles wherein that portion was to consist. '*To the mother of God* at Bayonne, he promised to give a robe, a lamp, and *a crown. To the Lord Jesus himself a rich curtain!*'"

A copy of this amulet, made by a contemporary of Jaureguy, and in the language of the original, which was Spanish, was some years since in the possession of Lord Francis Egerton (now Earl of Ellesmere), and the passage just alluded to runs thus: "A vos Señor Jesus Christo, redemptor y salvador del mundo, criador del cielo y della tierra, os offrezco, siendo os servido librarme con vida, despues de haber effectuado mi deseo, un belo muy rico," &c.

The purpose of this fanatic was happily frustrated, but another was already preparing to imitate him. The Prince of Orange was proclaimed an outlaw, given up to the vengeance of all true Catholics; and at the moment when this ceremony was in the act of being performed in Maestricht, a Burgundian, named Balthazar Gerard, felt himself inspired with the resolve to carry the ban of the empire into execution. His hopes of earthly happiness and glory, if he succeeded, or of the fame and bliss of a martyr, in the event of failure, were encouraged by a Jesuit of Treves; nor would his desire for these rewards permit him to rest until he had set about the accomplishment of the crime.

Representing himself to the Ruwart as a refugee, he thus gained admission to his person, and was received by Prince William with much kindness; a favourable opportunity for his purpose was thus easily found. On the seventh of July, 1584, the crime was effected, and the Ruwart was shot by Gerard's hand.

He was taken and put to the rack, but all the tortures inflicted on him only drew from his lips the declaration that if the deed were still to

be done, he would not shrink from doing it. He expired amidst the execrations of the people; but the canons of Herzogenbusch employed the time of his execution in performing a solemn Te Deum as the celebration of his act.

The description of this atrocity, as given by those who contrived it, is called, "Relatione del successo di Gulielmo di Nassau, Principe di Orange, e delli tormenti patiti del generosissimo giovane (of that most exalted youth!), Baldassare Gerardi, Borgognone." This account contains circumstances which slightly differ from those generally given, and says—"Gerardo, whose mother is from Besançon, was about twenty-eight years old; he was a young man of great learning and eloquence. The design now fulfilled he had entertained for six years; and being Gentleman of the Household to the Duke of Alençon, was sent by that Prince with letters to Nassau, he thus found opportunity for the completion of his purpose. This he effected on the seventh of July. It was after dinner, and the Prince was just rising from table, when Baldassare fired an arquebuss, loaded with three balls; so striking him under the left breast,

the young man made a wound two inches broad, by which he killed him."

This is not the place to speak of the grievous consequences which ensued, but among them was the triumphant establishment of the Jesuits, in whom Alexander Farnese beheld "the most efficient instruments for restoring the Protestant country to the Catholic faith." According to Sacchinus—Historia, Pars v. lib. iv.—he declares it to be needful that the Society of Jesus should be instantly settled in every city recovered from the heretics, as the best means to that end. The "Imago Primi Secoli" also speaks of this introduction of the Jesuits at the will of the Spanish king, who laid his commands on the General of the Order "to fill all the chief cities of Belgium with the members of that body:" an assertion sufficiently borne out by the facts; and may we not add, that the accuracy of Alexander Farnese's judgment as to the efficacy of Jesuit labours, is likewise sufficiently obvious?

There is a rich and magnificent, but not beautiful monument to the memory of William in the New Church of Delft, where will also be

found the monument of Hugo Grotius, of whose escape from the prison of Loevenstein castle, so cleverly contrived by his wife, we have all read in our school days. Grotius, who was a native of Delft, was interred in this church.

One thing respecting the Ruwart's monument must likewise be mentioned; at his feet is the figure of a dog, by whose fidelity his life was saved at an earliar period from Spanish assassins, who had nearly reached his tent; but their approach, being detected by the watchful animal, was made known to William by his violent barking, and the Prince did for that time escape. When, at length, the murderous purposes so long nourished against him by his enemies had succeeded, this dog is said to have pined away and died for the loss of his master, as in other cases has happened to those faithful creatures.

The wife of William, in whose arms he expired, was the daughter of Coligny, as you will doubtless remember; she had seen her father murdered in much the same manner, and for a similar cause.

CHAPTER IV

The Hague—The last of the Trekschuyts—Traffic in Tulips—True character of—Absence of wild flowers—Resolution of a Naval Commander—Public buildings at home and abroad—Leyden—Burgomaster Van der Werf—Love of the Hollander to his country—Calumny refuted.

THE HAGUE.—We had much desired to traverse this part of Holland in the now exploded Trekschuyt, rendered familiar to all by the descriptions of early travellers in the country; but they are now little used, and that only at distant intervals. We could not wait for the next departure without a considerable loss of time; the weather, too, so long dry, has become rainy and unfavourable; we have therefore been compelled to content ourselves with the railway, and by this

conveyance it is that we have reached the Hague.

While crossing Holland at other times, we had often regretted to remark the total absence of those wayside flowers, by which our own roads, high-ways no less than bye-ways, are rendered so gay and lovely. They neither are nor can be here; the nature of the country forbids it; but the conviction of this does not prevent one from missing their pleasant glances, and bewailing their absence. One might be half disposed to believe that the love of the Dutch for tulips and other showy flowers might in some degree be attributed to the privation they suffer, in not possessing those more delicate blossoms which attract the eye of childhood at its first step in more favoured lands, and serve to form a purer taste than that prevailing here in respect to those most lovely productions of Nature. But most of my readers will remember that the tulipomania, by which we long fancied the Dutch to have been, and still in a certain degree to be possessed, was not a love of tulips after all, seeing that, according to the authorities, the bulbs were used as a sort of currency, and

so passed from hand to hand, like bills of exchange, but often without once altering their actual locality—nay, sometimes without having any existence whatever, and being, in fact, but a mere name.

The Hague has gradually lost very many of its treasures, yet there still remain enough to occupy many chapters of a larger book than mine, even though pictures only were the subject of discussion; but they have all been described, and redescribed, wherefore I refer you to earlier travellers for these matters, and will but say that the dress worn by William of Nassau on that unhappy day, alluded to in a previous page, is still preserved here, together with the weapon used by his murderer, and two of the fatal balls.

The "beggar's bowl," which formed part of the devices assumed by the chiefs of that confederacy by which Holland was delivered from the yoke of Spain, is also exhibited; and at no great distance from the scene of the De Witts' murder, is the lowly dwelling wherein lived the Grand Pensionary John de Witt, when that truly distinguished man, almost the greatest, perhaps, among the great men of his day, was

holding France and England equally in check, while he ruled his own turbulent fellow-citizens with the firm hand which only fraud, united to violence, could shake from its hold. The residence of Barneveldt also, that predecessor of De Witt, who was beheaded when he had attained the age of seventy-two, is still in existence, but now forms part of a large hotel used by one of the ministers.

The "Moritz Huis," wherein the pictures and other collections forming the "Royal Cabinet" are placed, is a singularly quaint and curious building, and among the most valued treasures preserved therein, are the portrait and sword of Van Speyk, a young Dutch officer, who commanding a gun boat which became stranded on the Scheldt, immediately under the guns of a strong Fort, in 1831—while hostilities were still in progress between Holland and Belgium—blew up his vessel, with his own crew and the Belgians who had leaped on board, and called on him to surrender. All perished, with the exception of three men. A monument was erected to his memory, and it was furthermore decreed that there should thenceforth and for

ever be one vessel in the Dutch navy bearing the name of Van Speyk.

The general aspect of the Hague, or, as the people themselves call it, "S'Graven Hage," the "Count's Hedge," or "Barrier," is extremely pleasing; and there is an air of repose about the Court-end of the city, which appears to me especially inviting, although I well know that many would call this a dull lifelessness, rather than repose. The emerald green of the beautiful avenues leading thence to Scheveningen, &c., is also most agreeable, despite the waters surrounding the place, to which that radiant colouring bears evidence. An equestrian statue of the last king has of late years been erected before the principal entrance of the royal palace; colossal in dimensions, and bold in design, the effect of this work, which is well executed, as well as finely conceived, is admirably good. For our own short-comings in this respect, we English people have castigated ourselves, by word and pen, to a fair extent; yet with but poor results, so far as amendment is concerned. The blows one gives to oneself are ever softly dealt, no doubt; but on this point, as on some

others in our domestic arrangements, our neighbours have helped us with a lash or two that have been laid on in good earnest. Who knows but we may some day be the better for the same? Let us hope so; although it is not I, nor even you, my youngest reader, who can reasonably expect to profit by the reformation, at the rate we have hitherto gone towards improvement. Witness ——— and ———; but no, I will not set down the titles we exhibit to the reproaches of our foreign visitors; the instances that will recur to the memory of all are sufficiently numerous.

LEYDEN.—At this place we have been accommodated, for the first time, with those auxiliaries to the passing of the hours, a mirror placed at each side of our windows, so that whether our neighbour go up the street or down the street, we are sure to be duly informed of the fact. This we found sufficiently proved in the few moments, during which alone the travellers' closely limited leisure has permitted us to profit by that estimable arrangement.

In our approach to Leyden, we had been recalling the devotion with which the in-

habitants of this and other Dutch towns have sacrificed themselves to their country on more than one occasion. At Alkmaar, for example, the noble resistance of the citizens to the Spanish armies, towards the close of the sixteenth century, gave the first effectual check to their progress, and inspired courage into the hearts of the whole people. Remember Haarlem, too, which refused to surrender until the very grass growing between the stones of their streets had been dug up and consumed: nay, the people of the place were even then preparing to cut their way through the besieging army, with their wives and children, when the dissensions of their garrison compelled them to surrender. Honour to them both, the good cities, but most of all to Leyden, whose burgomaster, Van der Werf, when urged to admit their enemies by the utterly famished people, declared, that in default of bread, which he had not to give them, he would have them take his own body and divide it among their starving families, rather than give up the town to the Spaniards.*

* A few weeks after writing the above, we paid a visit to the Bohemian Academy of Arts, in the city of

Nor was the military commander, Vanderdoes, inferior to the burgomaster, whether in courage or endurance; to the summons sent by

Prague, and were there shown the cartoon of a picture about to be painted on this subject by the Bohemian painter, Poppe. The work is one of high promise; the noble and heroic figure of the burgomaster, Van der Werf, stands prominently forth in the portico of the Hall of Council; behind him are his colleagues. A famished crowd of his suffering people throng the steps of the Hall; some of the number, with menaces in their aspect, are labouring to approach his person, evidently for purposes of violence. To these he pays no attention; but towards others, whose mournful eyes are raised to his countenance, with a mute appeal—his face, worn by the privations which he has largely shared, is turned with an expression of the tenderest pity: this compassionate gaze is fixed most especially on the imploring countenance of a wretched mother, who is entreating him to give bread to her wailing infants.

A group of soldiers fills the spot to the left of the burgomaster, their immovable figures presenting a remarkable contrast to the varied and eager action of the multitude; while the grave and even sorrowful expression of their pale and emaciated faces serves as an eloquent commentary on that critical state of things in their city, which the painter has sought to set forth, and gives important aid to the story.

the Spanish general, Valdez, he replied, that when all else failed, the soldiers he commanded would devour their left arms, to enable themselves to defend the city with their right. Ruinous as is the expedient of calling in the wild sea-wave to wash the polluting invader from one's borders, yet even to this desperate method did the men of Leyden at last resort: and assisted, after some delay, by a succession of violent storms, the Spanish works were at length submerged by the waters, when the Prince of Orange found means to relieve the exhausted town.

There is something profoundly touching in the deep love felt by the Hollander for such a country as he hath been endowed withal. That we should love our beautiful England; that we should fight for her—ay, even to the extremity contemplated by Vanderdoes, is not only conceivable, but most natural; nay, it is inevitable. We must needs love our bright and glorious land; we have no choice;—but that poor Holland! that she should have found hearts to love *her*, as she hath been loved, that is a veritable marvel! We thought much of these circum-

stances as we paced through the learned, no less than patriotic, city of Leyden; and I think we all the more readily forgave the unconscionable extortion of mine host, in this, if not in the rest of the Dutch towns, from our recollection of that one virtue in the citizens.

There are fine collections here for the student in natural history and other sciences, but we do not propose to visit them. The fame of the Leyden university has reached all countries; but to the passing visitor, the buildings themselves, unlike our magnificent Oxford, present few attractions. The portraits of learned men, suspended around the hall of the senate, do indeed suffice to arrest the steps of the traveller; these are of universal interest.——

AMSTERDAM.—We passed Haarlem without a visit, for though well convinced that the cities of Holland will amply repay prolonged examination, we are at this time making the country merely a road to others; we therefore took the railway for Amsterdam at Leyden, and reached the first-named city early this morning.

But by what a road!—water, water, water, and nothing but water, to serve as a resting-

place for the eyes of him who passes. It is true that there have been found perches for windmills innumerable; but when these, with the iron road we are moving on, and that for the common carriage of the country, have been provided for, there remains but little for other purposes. Well is it for the Dutchman that his habits are those of patient industry. He must certainly need all that even he possesses of that valuable quality. Every field is an island, principally conquered from the surrounding wave; yet it must also be admitted, that each one is cultivated to admiration. Here, too, I feel bound to record that, whoever insinuates a belief of the Dutchman being web-footed, is very probably mistaken,—I can indeed affirm that he is so, if the hand may be accepted as a guarantee for the foot. A Dutchman's hand is not web-footed, to speak Hibernicé; and I can safely depone to this fact, because I examined several, in a sort of dread that I felt, lest the characteristic, if discovered, might prove to be infectious; seeing that, after we had been swimming for an immeasurable length of time in the vast superabundance of waters, I began to entertain some fear that we

might have become half fish ourselves. But, all things considered, I am inclined to think that no traveller need apprehend such a catastrophe; Dutch fingers, more especially those small, plump, fair specimens which belong to the ladies and children, are wholly free from unwonted ligatures.

CHAPTER V.

Amsterdam — Rapid glance at — Useful addition to houses—Adoption thereof by ourselves—Fire-escapes —Jews of Amsterdam—Departure from the city—Utrecht.

THE rapid view, which is all we have taken, of Amsterdam, gives us little right to speak of that truly handsome, as well as highly peculiar city, the general aspect of which we are, nevertheless, competent to declare much more elegant than that of Rotterdam. The palace, formerly the *Stadhuis*, is an immense structure, and the *Trippenhuis*, wherein is contained the well-known Picture Gallery, has that quaintness of character which is but too rapidly departing from the fabrics of almost all other cities, in these railroad times.

We remarked that nearly every house in Amsterdam is furnished with a strong crane, for the purpose of raising whatever may be required therein to the highest stories of the building. Nor is this practice confined, as with us, to the trading quarters of the town; on the contrary, the most handsome family residences are provided with the accommodation, and we saw an instance of the advantages possessed by this mode of passage over that adopted by ourselves, in the great ease with which the most delicate articles of furniture can thus make what is usually a most perilous transit. We paused to look on, while the moveables of a family were lifted from the barge in the canal beneath, and saw them transported by the crane into the very rooms they were destined to furnish, without injury to their own beauty, and also without any of that grievous wrong so often inflicted on the recently painted or papered walls of our own dwellings, to the heavy discomfiture of the sorrowing housewife.

Nor do these convenient adjuncts materially injure the appearance of the buildings; they are, indeed, rendered rather ornamental than

otherwise in many cases, and after a certain sort; but even were they more objectionable to the eye than they are, their manifest utility would be a sufficient excuse. Might not this be warrant for their adoption among ourselves; and could they not also be made available in cases of fire? We thought they might, as we watched their operation; and once introduced among us for that purpose, how many a life might they not be the means of saving? Here, the solid character of the buildings would give one the idea that fire would make but small impression on them; and, indeed, the stone staircases most commonly found in all continental cities, must greatly tend to diminish the fatal effects of fire. With us, the stone staircase is confined to houses of somewhat higher pretensions than those occupied by the masses; while it is in the lower ranks that those habits prevail, by which fires are rendered so unhappily frequent in our country, and which urgently call for more effectual precautions against them than have ever yet been taken.

With one old monument, existing in Amsterdam, we made ourselves to some extent

acquainted. The Jewish Colony to wit. Few cities possess so large a proportion of Hebrew inhabitants as Amsterdam; and the chief of the many synagogues they have here is considered to be very handsome. We met a singular train of elders repairing to one of these houses of prayer,—men and women, all in the last stages of decrepitude. Evidently of the lower orders, the women, wrapped in discoloured cloaks or shawls, had no covering upon their heads but that afforded by a dirty, squalid cap of calico, once, perhaps, an approach to white; but the men, on whose arms they leaned, were more decently clad in long dark-coloured garments, exhibiting something between a gown and coat; on his head each wore a low-crowned, broad-brimmed hat.

Tottering along, these aged couples seemed to keep themselves on their feet with considerable difficulty, and looked, as my companion remarked, like people stumbling into their graves. Yet the eyes of many among the men retained that singular keenness so strongly characteristic of the Tribes; and there was an eager expression in the faces of almost all, men and women alike, which betokened little of the calm befitting

their age. At a word, their aspect reminded one irresistibly of the deteriorating effect not unfrequently attributed to that minute traffic, in which these pairs—whereof each seemed feebly seeking to support, yet almost incapable of propping up, the other—had expended their many hours, in the long lives accorded to them.

In other parts of the city we afterwards met the Israelitish youth, in large numbers, for the day was their Sabbath; but among these, too, we found the candid, simple expression, proper to their period of life, entirely wanting; no joyous and careless frankness of youth was there, and we could not but think that a too early introduction to the mysteries of buying and selling, must needs be charged with the production of a part of this result; perhaps with the whole.

The ample width of the Dutch canals, will be with difficulty imagined, by those who have seen none but our own; and in no city are there finer specimens of these water-ways than in Amsterdam. The handsome buildings, moreover, by which these canals are bordered, may bear comparison with those of any capital in

Europe. Those of that called the "Kaiser's Gracht" we thought the finest, but the Prinssen Gracht and Herren Gracht are little, if at all, inferior.

In other parts of Amsterdam we were not unfrequently reminded of Venice. I do not mean of the Riva dei Schiavoni, the Piazza di San Marco, the Rialto, or other parts best known to our travelling compatriots generally; but of districts more remote from the general stream of passers, and which we mostly found to be all our own, save only so far as the Venetian himself is concerned. Extending as do these fine streets of Amsterdam for miles (each is called two miles long), in almost direct lines, their effect is most imposing; they are exceedingly cheerful, moreover, a quality in which we could indeed not remember any city to surpass them. At a word, of the Amsterdam streets it may be safely affirmed, that although greater variety of aspect, and more animation in movement, may be found in many cities, with groups infinitely more picturesque (in Naples, Genoa, Rome, or Florence, for example), yet a more effective scene for the exhibition of its dwellers than is presented by

these "Kaisers," "Prinssen," and "Herren Gracht," can be set forth by few. We say more effective—we do not say more beautiful or even more agreeable, for the first is a question of taste, about which the wise assure us that there must be no disputing; and the second may without doubt be found, in the Piazza di Spagna, on the Scalinata, the Pincian Hill or the Corso in Rome; in the Villa Reale, and along the Chiaja of Naples; in the Aqua Sola Gardens of Genoa, or in the radiant Trinità of Florence, all now well known to most people, and therefore good points of comparison, to say nothing of places nearer home, which yet might be cited in abundance.

All this conceded, however, Amsterdam may yet hold her own among the fairest cities of Northern Europe; and we are about to leave it with some regret that we have not given ourselves the right to speak of its various possessions in art, science, &c., as well as of its general aspect.

But to all good things is attached their balance of evil; greatly did we rejoice as we beheld our mountain of luggage (old travellers as we are,

we cannot make a journey of years without a formidable amount of the same) trundled off to the "Transit" department at Ostend, leaving us "lords of ourselves," which no one, if he be chained to that monster, abhorred of gods and men, a waggon-load of baggage, can for a moment boast of being; but the lapse of some few days has revealed not a few wants, and pressed by these, we are now in almost as much haste to rejoin those impediments, as we were to turn our backs upon them. A hasty glance at Utrecht, therefore, and then we bid adieu to Holland, and make up the Rhine with such speed as we may, to reclaim our deserted packages at Cologne, where they await us.

CHAPTER VI.

General aspect of Utrecht — Cathedral tower — The Bishop St. Willibrod—Tribulations of the tiara—True story of a citizen of Utrecht—What may be seen in Cloud-land.

ARNHEIM.—Among other subjects of regret at leaving Amsterdam, was that we could not take time to visit Broek, so well known as the place where people give all their time to the brushing and combing of their houses, that only excepted which they reserve for the polishing of their street pavements, &c. I cannot but fancy that these perpetual cleanings must needs be next, in the misery of their effect upon one's comfort, to no cleaning at all; but yet would fain have seen the village, and still hope to do so at a more favourable moment. Yesterday, how-

ever, we left Amsterdam, not for Broek, as we desired, but for Utrecht, the expectation of which went far to console us for the privation to which we were subjected as regards Broek.

In some respects we have been disappointed by Utrecht. It does not look so old as we had expected and hoped to see it look, but the delicious green of the beautiful Maliebaan, one of the finest city promenades we have ever seen, has restored our good humour, and we have paced beneath the well-grown limes by which the cool avenues are shaded, with infinite satisfaction. The soft emerald sheen of the banks bordering the broad canal which passes through one part of these public walks—with which Utrecht is most amply furnished—reminded us of the Hague; nor is this surprising, considering that the velvet richness of the colour is in each case attributable to the same cause—the abounding wealth of water; namely.

The cathedral of Utrecht is one of the too numerous buildings wherein the Protestant visitor is reduced to shame and humiliation by grievous evidences of that Iconoclastic spirit whereby the advent of the purer faith was unhappily marked :

much beauty still remains, but much has also been destroyed by the mistaken zeal of fanaticism.

The apostle of the Frisons and first Bishop of Utrecht, St. Willibrod, was an Englishman; and "Master Aryan Florisse, Professor in Louvain" as he signs himself—afterwards Pope Adrian VI.—was born here.

The story of Adrian's election to the papal chair, as related by contemporary historians, is a curious one, and proves him to have been chosen, not because "he was a mirror of all the virtues," as Ortiz,* who knew Pope Adrian well, declares him to have been; nor yet because "he is very fair towards polite learning, although favourable in his own person to the Scholastics"—as Erasmus remarks in one of his letters; but simply because he had taken no step towards securing to himself the honours of the tiara, and was the only man not feared by the dominant parties.

"The conclave had lasted long," relates a Venetian ambassador, then in Rome, in a letter to his masters, the Signori,—"the conclave had lasted long, and not a candidate proposed could

* Itinerarium Adriani

hope for election, when the Cardinal de' Medici, alarmed by the return to Urbino and Perugia of the enemies of his house; and fearing for even Florence itself, addressed the assembly in these terms:—"Sirs, I perceive that of us, who are here in presence, not one can become pope. I have proposed many, but you have rejected them all; neither can I accept those whom you propose; we must seek our pontiff, therefore, among those who are not now present."

To this the cardinals assented, and Medici continued,—

"Elect the cardinal of Tortosa," he rejoined —"an aged, venerable man, whom all esteem a saint;" and Adrian of Utrecht, cardinal of Tortosa, was elected accordingly.

But when the decision was irrevocable, the cardinals are said by another authority to have been "almost dead with fright," at the thought of what they had done; and Pasquin made himself merry on this occasion, as on so many others, by representing their Eminences as schoolboys, trembling before the rod of the schoolmaster, who, in the person of Adrian, was effectually trouncing them all.

The prelates consoled themselves only by the hope that their newly-chosen pontiff would reject the proffered dignity: but he accepted it, on the contrary, although Sanuto informs us that, on receiving the intelligence of his exaltation, he was far from rejoicing, and even uttered a groan. "Neque ob pontificatum, visus est exultasse, quin constat graviter illum ad ejus famam nuntii, ingemuisse."*

Adrian did not fail to redeem the promise of his previous life. He deplored the abuses that had so long afflicted the church; and his own words on that subject, as given by Rainaldus and others, are as follows:—

"We know that many abominable things have found place beside the papal chair, abuses in spiritual matters, corruption in temporal affairs, exorbitant straining of prerogatives: evil everywhere." He adds the assurance of his determination, "gradually to bring about such a reformation, both of the head and members, as men have long looked for and desired."

These words are taken from Adrian's "Instructions for Francesco Chieregato," whom he

* Sanuto, Hist. lib. vi. pars v.

sent as nuncio to the Diet. Nor can the sincerity of his intentions be questioned; but he had undertaken a task, to which the cleansing of the Augean stables was mere child's play. He was met by opposition on all sides; few pontiffs, so unpopular as was the excellent Adrian, have occupied the papal chair; he was disliked by all, and this despite the general testimony of writers in his favour.

"Not proud, no trafficker in church property, not avaricious, no lover of pleasure, frugal in his personal expenditure—moderate in all things; just, upright, and sincerely religious;" —such, according to an Italian writer (Vettori), was Adrian VI. And yet, the best reward he could obtain from those he so honestly sought to benefit, was the not unfrequent reminder, that being old, they must needs be soon rid of him.

And with this consolation it is that one of his contemporaries naively comforts himself:— "Of a verity, our pope being aged, it shall ere long please God to remove him into Abraham's bosom."

Another, the most upright of men himself, has yet so little sympathy with the efforts of this

good pontiff towards reform, that, reproaching his Holiness for neglecting those works of art, with the cost of which Adrian did not think himself at liberty to saddle his exchequer, exhausted as it was by the prodigality of his predecessors—he declares that "Adrian, being a man who cared for neither painting, sculptures, nor any other good work, had no mind to see even the best of those commenced by Leo completed; and many excellent artists were little better than dying of hunger during all the time of this pope. But as it pleased God, while all the court, accustomed to the splendours and liberalities of Leo, were dismayed and bewildered, the best of the artists, in particular, becoming desperate, and beginning to consider where they might seek a refuge for their gifts, which, as they well perceived, were no longer prized;—as it pleased God, I say, Adrian died, and the Cardinal Giulio de' Medici was elected high pontiff in his room. On that day, the arts of design, together with all the other noble arts, were recalled to new life."

There is yet a third, who complains as follows, and to much the same purpose:—

"For, when any one follows the free custom of indulging his feelings in writing or song, doth not his Holiness threaten to have him tossed into the river? But being old, he must soon die!"

Such, then, is your encouragement, oh! ye reformers of men! physicians of the desperately sick though ye be, great had need to be your zeal and long-suffering, as well as your skill and power, for slight is the aid that ye will get from your patients.

These things all passed through our mind as we looked, with some little dissatisfaction, at the high tower of Utrecht cathedral,—dissatisfaction, because it does not look *so* high as the elevation claimed for it (388 feet, according to Murray) had led us to expect; but when we afterwards stood immediately beneath the structure, we were fain to reconsider the matter, and admit that the height might, indeed, be that given by the excellent authority just cited.

There is a story told of a citizen of Utrecht, which reminds one of that Italian whose melancholy fate has been made known to later times by the "Books of the Notaries," preserved in

the Barberini Palace, at Rome. The fact stated in these documents is as follows:—

When the capital was sacked, in the pontificate of Clement VII., a Roman citizen, called Bernardo Braschi, had certain jewels belonging to the Vatican in his possession, and seeing that the enemy was master of the city, he thought it best to bury these valuables in his garden, which he did, revealing the circumstance to one person only — a Florentine, named Geronimo Baccato, and even to him he confided the secret, only to the end that in the event of his own death the property might be recovered by the owners, when the danger should have passed by.

Bernardo was soon afterwards taken prisoner by the Germans, and fearfully tortured; he was indeed reported to have died beneath their hands. This rumour afterwards proved to be false; but when it was carried to his friend, Geronimo, the latter at once imparted the secret to another, he too, proceeding thus, merely for the security of the deposit.

This third man was not so faithful or not so discreet as Geronimo had believed him to be, and the Germans were made acquainted

with the existence of the treasure. They then subjected Braschi to more grievous tortures, and at length compelled him to reveal the place of deposit. That done, they permitted him to escape, with the poor remains of his life, from their barbarous hands; but Geronimo, considering himself to be answerable for all that his friend had suffered, was unable to endure the self-reproach that ensued, and destroyed himself with his own hand.

The story of the Utrecht citizen, Gerardt Dietrich, is in some respects different. He, too, was made the depositary of a treasure which had been confided to the honour of his brother, Dirik Dietrich, by the master of both, whom the troubles of the time had made an exile. But Dietrich, becoming a merchant, repaired to the Dutch settlements in Batavia, leaving the treasure to his brother, to whom alone he confided his secret.

Many years elapsed, during which no intelligence of Dirik was received by Gerardt; and when the son of the former at length appeared, declaring his father to have revealed the secret of the treasure to him on his death-bed, Ge-

rardt made no difficulty of entrusting the whole to the hands of his nephew, as the latter affirmed to be his dying brother's command.

Time again passed on. Gerardt Dietrich discovered that his nephew was a disorderly spendthrift, and grieved to see him squandering what, as he thought, were the hardly-won earnings of his lamented brother; but he did not feel any doubt of the safety of the deposit, which he believed his nephew to be respecting, as he had done himself.

What, then, were his surprise and dismay, when he one morning beheld the supposed dead man enter his house, accompanied by the former master of both, the owner of the treasure, whom Dirik had confidently brought thither for the purpose of reinstating him in his property, concerning the security of which he could entertain no doubt, since there stood his honoured brother, the guardian of the same, in life and health, before him.

But that hour was the last of health and peace for Gerardt. The truth of his story was too well proved by the life and acts of the worthless nephew, to whom, when believing

himself on his death-bed, the father had revealed the secret. Yet, in his own estimation, he had forfeited his trust; and although his honestly-acquired wealth, united with that of his brother, sufficed to reimburse their master, he could hold up his head no more. He did not, like the Italian, presume to lay hands on his own life; yet the grief he suffered produced a similar effect, and he died a few months after his brother's return.

From Utrecht to Arnheim we proceeded by railway. We have seen no carriages so handsome, and found few so commodious as those on this line, with the exception of those on the line between Cologne and Bonn, and on that between Nuremburg and Hof. And well it is that they are so, for were they otherwise, the character of the country to be passed through is not such as would cause one to forget the faults of their construction in admiration of the spectacle presented from their windows. For some miles the road lies through a desert of sand, capriciously tossed into low hillocks; and amidst the hillocks are myriads of holes, out of which these irregularities may very well have

been dug in their sports, by the children of the giants in former times,—those, for example, who had the mastodon, *et id genus omne*, for their saddle-horses.

We remember what the learned say about there having been no men in those days, but this place fully proves that there were men—seeing that it must needs have been by such as they that these ill-contrived "heaps and hollows" were made. Never did the graceful hand of all-beautifying Nature produce so clumsy a work; it must therefore of necessity have been performed by man, unless, indeed, the geologist will grant us a giant race of mischievous apes. They, perchance, may have produced the result we behold. At one point, the industry of these questionable artists has proceeded so far, that we began to think they had fairly accomplished a hill; but the effort must have proved too mighty for their persistence, since on a nearer approach we found that all had subsided into the accustomed monotony of aspect.

Happily, the most abundant consolation has been afforded to ourselves in particular for the lack of beauty in the country, seeing that a

lovely sunset presented us with one of those gorgeous spectacles, which no land, save only cloud-land, is rich enough to furnish. But there we beheld palaces, of whose superb magnificence the most luxurious of monarchs—not even Sardanapalus himself—ever imagined aught equal in the most fertile of his dreams; and these edifices appeared to be withdrawn amidst woodlands, or seated upon lakes of such beauty that a painter might prudently give one of his eyes to see them—though but for ten seconds—with the other.

Twice before in my life, and only twice, have I seen landscapes in the clouds of extent and perfection to equal those of the night now approaching its close; and on both occasions it was over our own bright England that the fair vision deigned to display the glories of its brief existence. It is true that I did once perceive an approach to the same, when standing on that part of the Corso at Milan which permits you to see the dome of the Cathedral; but the "manner of loveliness" was different, nor do I think that the deep glow diffused over all heaven, which characterises an Italian sunset, can be in

any way compared for beauty and interest with the exquisite loveliness of our sunsets at home, more especially when great purple masses of clouds permit the effect alluded to above.

Almost entirely justified indeed is the surprise of those intelligent foreigners, who express their astonishment at our English love of travel, seeing, as they add, "that you have every kind of natural beauty in your own islands;" and still further would they be so, had we no other motive in our ramblings than the mere search for beauty.

CHAPTER VII.

Arnheim — Rapid passage along the Lower Rhine—Friendly recollections of the Moselle—Why is that beautiful river so rarely visited? — Bornhofen—Miraculous image—Wonders effected by the same—Mayence—Tomb of Henry Laud-the-Fair—Frankfort — Changes in Jewish quarter of — Städelsche Gallery—Does not receive justice—Old paintings—Modern works of art—Count Ezzelino—John Huss and the Cardinals—Overbeck—His studio in the palace of the Cenci in Rome—Former visits thereto—Triumph of religion in the arts—German description of that work.

GUIDE-BOOKS talk of "French," and even "English," as "universally spoken;" this may be the case for those who are content to let their hotels be their "universe," and who suffer the attendance of a *Lohn-diener* or valet de place in

all their rambles, but for people who love to go about alone, and would fain hold intercourse with the people of the lands they visit, this "universality" does not exist; the stolid silence of the Fleming, who will not give you even a shake of the head, in reply to your question, will soon convince you of that fact whenever you please to try. In Holland the traveller gets on much better: the people try, at least, to comprehend his wishes, and he spells out a little of their Dutch by means of his German, if he possess that language; but it has nevertheless been a great addition to our enjoyment, to be once more where the comfortable German is "your only wear."

COLOGNE.—We have steamed up the Rhine, greeting many an old acquaintance in "town and tower;" but I spare you the details, one and all, the ground being so well known as to need no description. For the most part I permit myself a passing remark, if only that, on each district we travel through, in our way to the promised land, remembering what has been truly said by a popular French writer, who declares that he troubles himself very little concerning the "recoltes faites par nos devanciers, certain

que les hommes ne peuvent rentrer dans leurs granges tous les epis que Dieu sême; et convaincu qu'il n'y a pas de terre, si bien moissonnée, qu'il n'y reste pour l'histoire, la poesie, ou l'imagination, une dernière gerbe a y glaner." But along the Rhine, every one "gleans" more or less, each for himself, and I content myself with looking joyfully at all that we are once again privileged to behold, enjoying everything, but recording nothing.

One fact there nevertheless is, which I will relate for the benefit of those who follow. Our often-mentioned luggage, which you will suspect me of intending to immortalize in these never-to-die pages—we found, in tale and bulk, at the Custom House; but a lock or two had started, most probably from hard usage, by the porter throwing the trunks about, and some of the straps had given way, evidently from the same cause. Yet every package had been rendered as secure as they well could be before we left home, and each was well supplied with such handles, &c., as left but little excuse for the rough manner in which they had been knocked about.

We felt not a little discomfited at the first

sight of our carefully packed belongings, thus cruelly mangled; horrid visions of gowns destroyed and ruined bonnets at once assailed your servant, to say nothing of books lost or wickedly damaged, which my pleasant companion agreeably suggested as the *least* we were to look for.

During some few seconds we were doubtful whether we must not ourselves resume the care of our ill-treated goods, but we had not courage to entertain the notion longer than a very short minute; and selecting such portions as were indispensable, we drove off with the rest to a forwarding agent, determined to leave all with him, and not look an article in the face again, until we should reach Prague.

The transfer thus resolved on was made accordingly; and now, so light and comfortable do we again feel in our unfettered state, that (the few wants which pressed on our comforts at Amsterdam having been provided for) all else is forgotten. I must needs tell you the name of the good man on whose shoulders we have thrown the weight which we have ever found so much too heavy for our own, when in earlier journeys we have essayed to bear the same. His appellation is

no other than Philip Overlach, and his dwelling is in the Marzellans Strasse at Cologne, No. 19. In what condition we may find our matters, after the legion of porters, &c., through whose hands all must needs pass, in the many changes between this place and the far distant city of Prague, have done their worst with them, is a question to be answered in the future, and to which for the present we are content to say "requiescat in pace." But in conclusion, I must tell you that before we quitted the beneficent presence of Mr. Overlach, my larger half enquired, in his prudence, how long a time must elapse before we might expect to find our luggage at Prague.

"Three weeks," replied the excellent German, placidly.

"Three weeks!" exclaimed the astonished "Engländer," who expected to have it transported to the antipodes in less time than a whole three weeks — "Three weeks! then he intends to drive it in a wheel-barrow!" These words were uttered happily in our mother tongue, and addressed to mine unlucky self only; but alas for me! I was thereupon seized with so strong an inclination to laugh outright, that no-

thing but the fear of wounding our truly civil interlocutor would have enabled me to resist it. As it was, I contrived, by unheard-of efforts, to "stint in" my mirth; and when Mr. Overlach gently enquired, "What does the gentleman say?" I managed to reply gravely, that he wished to know if there were not some more rapid mode of transit, than that alluded to, as likely to occupy three weeks. "Certainly there is one much more rapid, but also more costly," was the answer; and though much bent on sparing our purse, it was the "more costly" method that we finally decided to adopt.

FRANKFORT.—We have passed up the Rhine, without a glance, as you might suppose from our silence, at the myriad beauties of the way, but that is not the case — from Arnheim to Cologne indeed, there is little beauty to see, as most of you know; but from a short distance above Cologne, to the near neighbourhood of Mayence, the river and its banks present a succession of lovely pictures; and if I say nothing respecting them, it is merely because there is little relating to these regions that now remains untold.

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Beautiful and interesting that last-named part of the Rhine most certainly is, yet it appears to us to have had full justice rendered to it, while the Moselle, its immediate neighbour, is comparatively but little known. There are nevertheless many portions of the Moselle which may well endure comparison with the more frequented stream; the Roman antiquities of Treves alone would make it well worth the time bestowed to ascend the Moselle; but the whole region abounds in objects of interest, and well repays all who pass down it from Metz to Coblence, as it was our pleasant hap to do, some five years since. This time we have but crossed its junction with the Rhine at Coblence, but we propose taking it, if possible, on our return from Italy and the Pyrenees next year.

Passing Bornhofen, on the right bank of the Rhine, we perceived considerable movement around a number of those booths with which all who visit Catholic countries are familiar, and where rude images of saints, representations of their miraculous intervention (that of the Virgin most especially abounding), and subjects of similar import, are sold to the people: rosaries,

wax-figures of legs, arms, hearts, and other parts of the body, likewise abound, all destined for presentation to some favourite saint; for the fulfilment of vows, &c. We enquired of the German waiter if any unusual circumstance were causing the crowds we remarked, when he informed us that "a miraculous image of great power and sanctity was to be venerated there, and that a man blind of both eyes had been restored to sight, no long time since, by means of that image.

"It was not, therefore, without very good reason," he added, "that people resorted continually to Bornhofen."

There is a very old convent here, and near it are the castles of Sternberg and Liebenstein, or the Brothers, with the legend respecting which all are familiar.

We made but short pause at Mayence on this occasion, having been there many times; but not even now did we neglect to repeat our devoirs at the tomb of Henry Laud-the-Fair. These we pay from kindly recollection of his pleasant story in the "Lays and Legends of the Rhine," published many years since, and when that river

was not the familiar highway it has since become. For to those "Lays" do we owe that early desire for an acquaintance with these fair regions which has since been so completely gratified; and to the authors, though personally unknown, we have ever acknowledged obligation. I say authors, because the beauties set forth in story, song, and picture, must needs, we think, have been the work of various hands. Music there was, too, in that elegant volume, and what a marvel of all excellence it appeared to me! with what reverential admiration did I not regard its accomplished producers! each was to me as a sort of personage high in the clouds, and of whom I never presumed to think as mere men and women, such as those met in ordinary life.

Years have passed since those days, and our impressions of the book might be different, were we now to read it; wherefore we do not propose to risk the disillusion, but mean to retain that pleasant memory, as bequeathed by our long-departed youth.

We have never been able to comprehend that bewailing of their "vingt ans," affected by certain of the French writers. Yet when one looks

back on the generous, warm-hearted, unsuspecting impulses of one's early days, and compares one's then manner of being, with the cold, cautious egotism but too often induced by the advance of years, one can scarcely fail to regret that the fair qualities of youth will not remain, even though we may have forced ourselves to a reconciliation with the departure of its many other advantages.

FRANKFORT.—An extremely handsome town is this Frankfort-on-the-Maine, more especially in its modern part, and highly interesting is the curious old city. We passed this morning, as we had more than once before done, in a long visit to the Judengasse, or Israelitish quarter, but found it to be rapidly changing its appearance. Many of the oldest buildings have been removed since we were here in 1845, and still more remarkable are the alterations that have taken place since the period when we first made acquaintance with Frankfort. The house so often mentioned as "the cradle of the Rothschild family," and where the mother of those who founded the greatness, or more properly the wealth of that house, persisted in dwelling till her death, which took place since our last visit,

—that house, I say, still retains its place, but has now been divided into several habitations, and appeared to us to have lost much of its peculiarity of aspect.

We did not on this occasion repeat the visits which we had not failed to make at other times, to that exquisite work of Danneker, the Ariadne, the small casts from which have rendered the subject familiar to all Europe. But we gave some time to a re-examination of the "Staedelsche Museum," a gallery of paintings, which has not, I think, received full justice at the hands of our tourists.

It is true that the institution is not an old one; but it contains many excellent pictures by old masters, even granting that the doubts expressed by writers as to the authenticity of some among them may be well founded. We have here, for example, certain specimens of painters whose works are comparatively but little known among ourselves. One of these is an Ascension of the Virgin, by Innocenzio da Imola, one of the best disciples of Francia. The painting, which has great merit, is on wood, the subject is the Madonna surrounded

by a choir of angels; beneath are John the Baptist and St. Sebastian; between them, clothed in black, and portrayed in a kneeling position, is the person for whom the picture was painted, —a circumstance frequently observed in works of the period (first half of the sixteenth century). The Apostles stand around the tomb of the Virgin, as they are so frequently seen to do in paintings by the masters of that time; the work is accurately drawn and very carefully painted, nor is it by any means an unworthy companion to the many excellent specimens of highly esteemed artists that surround it.

By Antonello da Messina there is a St. Sebastian, exactly similar to one by the same master, now at Antwerp.

A small, but very curious picture, by Fra Angelico da Fiesole, will also be found here. It is on panel; is painted in tempera, on a gold ground, and represents the Virgin, seated, with the infant Christ, on a throne, surrounded by a choir of twelve angels. The same subject —our Lady enthroned, namely—is that of a painting by one of Titian's disciples, Bonvicino, called Il Moretto. The seat of the Virgin is

placed within a niche, the upper part of which is represented as richly adorned with mosaic, on a gold ground; at her left hand is St. Sebastian, bound to his pillar, and on her right stands St. Anthony, the hermit. An angel, playing on a musical instrument, is seated on the steps of the throne. This work, considered one of the best ever painted by Il Moretto, is described at some length by Ticozzi, in the "Dizionario degli Architetti, Scultori, Pittori," &c.

Giovanni Bellini is also represented in this Gallery, by a group of half-length figures. A Madonna, with the infant Christ; St. John the Baptist being on the right hand of the Virgin, and St. Elizabeth on her left. The usual signature of the master—"Joannes Bellinus"—is found on the picture, which, like that of Innocenzio du Imola, is on wood.

Of the early German and Flemish masters, whose works form a valuable part of this collection, I will not here make any mention,—but think much might be said by a capable writer. Respecting the modern artists, there prevails, and with reason, an opinion, that they have not received, and do not receive, their just share of

praise. Some few among them without doubt are appreciated at their true value; Lessing, for example, whose fine works—"Eccelino visited in his prison by two monks;" and "John Huss at Constance," with two beautiful landscapes —are among the treasures of this Gallery: and never, certainly, has painter told his story with a more vivid truth than has Lessing in the works first-mentioned.

Eccelino, wounded and taken prisoner at the battle of Cassano, had been assured by an old prophecy that the hour of his death had arrived; and refusing all sustenance, he had passed eleven days without food, when, impatient at the slow approach of dissolution, he tore the bandages from his wounds, and was found dead in his prison on the morning following that act. The moment chosen by the painter is that when the Count is visited by two monks, who are exhorting him to repentance; and the expression given by the artist to the countenance of Eccellino is in perfect harmony with the words he is uttering.

"Sins I have none to repent, but it grieveth me that I refrained from taking effectual ven-

geance on mine enemies when I might have done so, since it is therefore that I now perish in your dungeons: of this weak forbearance do I repent me, but of nought beside. Go and leave me to my death."

Of the two monks, one is entreating his companion to depart, as commanded, from that evil man; and this one looks as though dreading some moral contagion, or other calamity scarcely less fearful, as the consequence of delay; but the second is intent only on his mission. Forgetful of self, he bends forward, until his beautiful brow, contracted, in anxious pity for the dangerous state of the impenitent sinner before him, almost touches the shoulder of the formidable prisoner. Unappalled by the withering frown with which Eccelino meets his imploring gaze, he will not yet abandon his charitable purpose; but alas for the final success of his efforts! Baffled and sorrowful, must he be constrained to depart; you cannot doubt it as you turn from the apostolic earnestness of his exquisite face to the dark and inflexible aspect of him whom he vainly seeks to move.

I can well imagine that many will shrink in

horror from what they will perhaps call the demon scowl of Eccelino, contrasting as it does so powerfully with the timid glance of the one monk, and with that angel sweetness, dignified and rendered sacred by his holy purpose, which the artist has given to the countenance of the other. But for myself, I could not help feeling a sort of sympathy with that firmness, which I will not call obstinacy, of the fallen potentate. The face is a dreadful one, without doubt; but it is not wholly evil: there is a force about it which forbids all suspicion of the meaner vices, for example; and we know that Eccelino complained in his imprisonment that his enemies had deceived him. The artist has represented him as one who certainly looks less likely to deceive than to be deceived.

The Reformer Huss before the Cardinals at Constance is also a painting of infinite beauty. He is not here standing "before the council," as is usually said by those who mention this picture, but is subjected to a preliminary examination by certain cardinals and other high dignitaries of the church, one of whom holds in his hand that Safe-conduct granted to John

Huss by the Emperor Sigismund, and the promise of which was so wickedly disregarded, to the perpetual disgrace and condemnation of all concerned in the atrocious murder that followed.

Huss is speaking, and his words are directed exclusively to one out of three cardinals, occupying a principal place in the picture. The man whom he thus addresses is listening to his words with profound attention; and there is an expression of much candour on his refined and thoughtful face. This ecclesiastic is anxiously watched, meanwhile, by a second cardinal, of much less powerful aspect, who regards him with a look of mingled deference and fear, as one whose conclusions are to decide the character of his own decisions, and whom he is surprised, as well as alarmed, to see attending with so much respect and observance to the arguments of the adversary. Another churchman, but of less dignified rank, has fixed his eyes with an air of scrutiny on the calm, yet earnest, face and fine figure of Huss, whose simple attitude is one of inexpressible dignity, and contrasts finely with the terrified appearance of a third listener, who, seated somewhat apart from

the principal group, is witnessing the demolition, by the speaker, of all those dogmas that he has hitherto held most sacred.

But there is a timid irresolution in the face of that last-mentioned personage, which proves that in him John Huss will have no worthy convert. He will depart, and reinstate himself in his shaken credence, with such comfort as he may. The powerful effort by which alone we attain to the truth, is not for him.

Opposite to this man, but retired from the principal groups, and cast into shadow by another figure to be mentioned hereafter, sits one, whose clasped hands and contracted brow betray the violence of the struggle within. The force of that to which he listens has found its way to his convictions; but he is resisting its influence with all the might of an obstinate rather than a firm nature; and neither will *he* be found among the defenders of the martyr; yet there will be no more quiet for the conscience of that man, and his life has seen its last moment of peace.

In singular contrast to these figures, we find those of two other ecclesiastics—the one a car-

dinal, the other a bishop—in whose hand is the safe-conduct already alluded to: the former, a very old man, is seated between the two cardinals before mentioned; he does not listen with the first, neither does he watch the listener with the second; still less is he looking at or listening to Huss. He is, in short, gazing straight forward, not so much with the look of one who has prejudged the question, and done with it—as of one who has always and obstinately refused to entertain it in any form—to consider it at all. At a word, he is wedded to the system, and though an angel from heaven should prove to him the total falsehood of the same—yet in that system he will live and die.—Let him pass—and so does the reformer, who does not deign to cast a glance on the stolid immoveability of that stony aspect.

Very different is the person last to be described. This is the bishop before alluded to. Highly born—as one sees by certain indications which never deceive—and delicately cared for, his well-preserved person would be unpleasantly effeminate in its fair and roseate hues, were it not for a massiveness of feature, and dignity of

carriage, which redeem it from that charge. He is an able man too, you cannot doubt it, but careless and worldly: his smooth, polished appearance brings down that part of the picture from the higher regions of thought and feeling, which prevail around the person of Huss, and those of the churchmen before described, to the comparative common-place of every-day life. Leaning back, with that paper, which should have been of such vital importance, held negligently in his white and jewelled hand, he is giving no attention to the grave interests under discussion in his presence, but—leaving these to whom they may concern—he is speaking to some one out of the picture, and hath betaken himself to the more pressing necessity of giving directions, —perchance for the morning chase, or it may be even, for the despatch of some light message to a leman, who can scarcely have more levity of character than himself. Odious compound of whatever vices most dishonour either sex—self-centred and self-worshipping, with cold, deliberate cruelty towards, or total disregard for, all but self; well has the master exhibited thee, soft prelate, as the instrument of imperial dishonesty:

we would very fain forget thee, bishop, but thy well-cut features will come before us, whether we would have them or not.

When we said that modern artists had not received "all their praise," as Ossianic poets have it, we by no means intended to include the Pre-Raphaelite brethren, who do not obtain very much perhaps, but have certainly the utmost to which they are entitled—some of them rather more.

Overbeck, for example—the great head and front of their offending—might have done better if he had been tolerated less. We know that there are people who may here cry aloud, and bid me remember that "fools step in, where angels fear to tread." Yes, we remember that so it hath been said; but, without pretending quite to understand all which those who utter that hard speech mean thereby, we must needs expose ourselves to the chance of their displeasure by the avowal that we are no disciples of the school in question.

To the jacketed angels of the period to which certain of our contemporaries think it well we should return, we accord all the acceptance which

is so justly their due, and have stood before the productions of that time with much satisfaction —nay, we are even now promising ourselves true pleasure from a repetition of our visits to more than one specimen presenting itself at this moment to our recollection, and which we hope to see in the various Italian cities that we propose to revisit during the winter next ensuing; but as the tottering step and lisping tongue which delight us in the infant, could but slightly attract us if exhibited "of malice prepense" by the man upgrown; so we prefer that our painters, with the rest of our race, should go forward rather than backward; and admitting what there is of merit in the period of art under question, do not see good reason why the artists of the day should make an idol of its defects. It is true that we have seen not a few paintings of the Pre-Raphaelite school, which exhibit great beauty, and have but lately been looking at several of them with much enjoyment. Among them are a Madonna, and the infant Christ borne to earth in the arms of angels, with some others which we do not further occupy your time by naming,—but even those who do well in this

questionable manner, do but set an example which it is dangerous to follow; and those who do badly, are bad indeed.

Returning, however, for a moment to the Gallery we are now passing through. You will all remember that Overbeck's large picture, "the Triumph of Religion in the Arts," is one of its possessions. The sketches and cartoons for this work were shown to us and explained, with the never-failing courtesy and kindness for which he is so advantageously known, by the truly amiable artist, when we visited his studio in the Cenci Palace at Rome, in the winter of 1844-5; but as we were not then able to do more than accord our respect for the profound earnestness and sincerity of purpose displayed in this laborious production; so when we beheld the finished picture in this Gallery some few months later, we could not do less than admit the zeal and industry which had brought so many stories into one canvas, and expended so much thought on the long allegory before us. Our visit of to-day has produced no other impression. It is very pleasant to see so many old and dear acquaintance—nay some who are almost as beloved

friends, all standing in visible presence before one's eyes—useful and advantageous besides is it to find one's memory refreshed, or one's ignorance enlightened, as the case may be, by the corporal presentment of almost every great name before which it has been the habit of one's life to bow the knee, and nearly all these have their representatives on Overbeck's canvas; but as a work of art, the picture does not take high rank, in our estimation. Yet that those who have not seen, may form no mean idea of its import, I will not shrink from the labour of translating that description of the work (slightly abridging it, however), which was furnished, for the better comprehension thereof, by the artist himself. The reader who shall desire to see the original German, will find it appended, by an excellent authority in the literature of art—Herr Passavant, Inspector of the Städelsche Institute—to his catalogue of the Gallery.

"The upper part of the picture represents a vision presented to the spirits of the assembled artists, who appear in the lower part of the same. In the centre of the heavenly region sits the Virgin enthroned with the infant Christ. She is writing her sublime hymn of praise to God,

and is surrounded by saints of the Old and New Covenants. In this place she represents Poetry, which is the centre of all art.

"The four most prominent figures are David, representing Music; Solomon, representing Sculpture; St. Luke, representing Painting; and St. John the Evangelist, representing Architecture, the latter being chosen for that purpose on account of his description of the heavenly Jerusalem.

"On the side occupied by the Old Testament, we have furthermore the figures of Moses, Aaron, Joshua, Melchisedeck, Joseph, Abraham, Sarah, Isaak, and finally Adam and Eve; while on the side apportioned to the New Testament, we have Peter, Paul, and Stephen; the Fathers of the Church, Augustine, Jerome, and Thomas Aquinas; the martyr Sebastian, Pope Fabian,* Saints Cecilia and Agnes, and lastly the Empress Helena.

"The fountain in the lowermost part of the picture is placed there, as signifying the twofold element of art, inasmuch as that the upper basin, with the stream rising towards heaven, implies the heavenly, while the lower one sets forth the earthly tendency of art.

* From A.D. 236 to 250.

"Figures of the Venetians, Giovanni Bellino and Titian, with a group, wherein Carpaccio and Pordenone are seen holding converse with Correggio, give increased significance to this part of the work, being disposed as they are around one side of the fountain, while Leonardo da Vinci is on the other, and encourages his disciples to raise themselves to the higher regions of the ideal.

"Near Leonardo stands Holbein, and farther to the left is Dante, surrounded by the elder Tuscan masters. Next to Dante are his contemporaries Giotto and Orgagna, between whom is Simon of Siena, and then comes Raphael, he being placed in the midst of all those masters who had an especial influence on his development. These are Pietro Perugino, Ghirlandajo, and Massaccio on the one side—with Fra Bartolomeo and Francesco Francia on the other. Raphael himself is clothed in a white mantle, which symbolizes the universality of his genius, wherein all that we admire in others was united, as the beam of light comprises within itself all the colours.

"Finally the semi-circle is on this side com-

pleted by Michael Angelo, who is seated on fragments of antiquity, with Luca Signorelli, by whom he is invited to listen to the song of Dante.

"And as on this side the inspiring poesy of Dante, so on the other do the efforts of Religion, unite to join the artists of the north and south in the greetings of a lovely concord. Next to the Venetians are painters who were also copper-plate engravers: Lucas of Leyden holds Mantegna by the hand; Albert Dürer comes prominently forward between both; he is led by Martin Schöngauer, and followed by Març Antonio (Raimondi).

"A second group exhibits Fra Angelico da Fiesole offering an earnest welcome to the brothers Van Eyck. Near them stand their disciples, Benozzo Gozzoli and Hans Hemling, with the master of the Cologne cathedral. Schoreel, a pilgrim from the Holy Land, is approaching them with a Spanish painter; while at some short distance, two female figures —the one a nun, some disciple of Fra Angelico, the other, Margaret Van Eyck—give intimation of the not unfrequent cases wherein the religious arts have been exercised by women, and with good effect.

"On the steps which ascend the fountain are seen two monks, seated, and examining miniatures or illuminations, the pleasing fruits of that pious industry to which so many excellent works in art are indebted for their existence.

"On the right and left of the foreground, sculptors and architects are grouped around the figures of an Emperor and a Pope, here introduced as representatives of those spiritual and worldly powers, under whose protection and influence the most noble works of art have been produced. Near the group of sculptors on the left, and on the ruins of ancient sculpture, reposes a sarcophagus belonging to the earliest period of Christian art. On this is the representation of the women approaching the sepulchre of the risen Christ; to indicate that from the departed art of a bygone period, a new and Christian art hath arisen; and this mode of representation has been chosen here, because it is known that Niccolo Pisano derived the best of his instruction from an ancient sarcophagus.

"Niccolo himself, with certain German sculptors, is examining the same, while behind them, standing in friendly converse, are Luca della Robbia,

Lorenzo Ghiberti, and Peter Vischer, as the representatives of intellectual force combined with piety of life and thought, the true comprehension of nature and of beauty in form, which are elements that can never be conceived of as separated, in Christian sculpture.

"On the left side are the architects; and here Puchspaum, the first architect of the tower of St. Stephen at Vienna, is bent down and explaining to his disciples, from the ground plan of a Basilica which lies on an antique capital, in what manner the earliest form of the Christian churches was evolved from the simplest elements; and how this germ, adopted with reference to the necessities of the earliest Christian times, was retained, as its first principle, in the development of German architecture. The disciples represent the five nations who were principally distinguished in the middle ages by the magnificence of their buildings, the Germans, the French, the Italians, the Moors in Spain, and the English. (The young Englishman being a portrait of a son of Overbeck's who died young.) The Germans are represented, not only by Meister Puchspaum, but also, and with especial reference

to the pointed arch, by Erwin of Steinbach, architect of the façade of the Strasburg cathedral, the plan of which he is presenting to the pope. The pontiff is regarding the plan with animated looks of approval; his holiness has a sheet of musical notes in his hand, and refers to the idea of the resemblance which exists between the ecclesiastical architecture of Germany, and church music fixed in stone. Brunelleschi, on the contrary, who is standing near, looks, as the founder of the new style in architecture, with critical eyes at the plan of Erwin; while Bramante is in conversation with the architect of the Ulm cathedral, and another of those unknown masters through whom our German fatherland has been enriched by the possession of her sublime cathedrals."

So far the description given by Overbeck; and the more exactly to mark the period at which his work was performed, he has assigned to himself a modest place in the background, where he stands on the left with his contemporaries Philip Veit and Cornelius, all three being represented as spectators of the scene.

Such is the work on which the excellent Over-

beck has expended so large a labour of love—for that it has been a labour of love, none who know the artist can doubt. Let no one who can command the leisure for doing so, fail to visit this gallery, and let all examine the picture in detail with the most earnest attention. I should be sorry that any seemingly disparaging word of mine had caused a single spectator to value the performance at less than its true worth. It will be known to most of my readers that the artist has been long "reconciled to the church," as Rome hath it—but, as we say, "perverted to Roman Catholic errors."

Whichever term may be the right (but I have no doubt myself on the subject, and hold firmly to the last), the profound conviction and unmistakeable sincerity of the man, in this instance, redeems the act most fully; we may pity what appears to us an error, but may not withhold our respect from the person: and we would fain be fully satisfied with Overbeck's pictures, if it might be so, were it only from the esteem we feel for himself.

There is a much-admired work by the same artist at Assisi; and this also we took consider-

able pains to see effectually, in our return from Italy to the north, some few springs back; but neither as regards that performance were we wholly free from disappointment. We thought the colouring cold, and the whole work feeble. It was a gift, I think, from the artist to the church; but I write from memory, and may be wrong.

Of the sculptures, frescoes, and engravings whereby this Museum of Frankfort is enriched, I will only say, do not go through the "City of the Maine" without giving yourselves time to examine them at leisure. Saturday is the only day on which the gallery is not open to the public.

CHAPTER VIII.

Frontier of Bavaria—Hanau—Aschaffenburg—Pompeian Villa of the ex-king Ludwig—A team in Bavaria—Donkey, cow, and woman—Wurtzburg—Changes in—Cathedral—Monuments to the Prince-Bishops—The Bridge—The Citadel—The Jewess.

CROWN-PRINCE HÔTEL, WÜRTZBURG.—Yesterday we left Frankfort in the mail for Wurtzburg, and having happily reached our hotel in the last named city, will now proceed to tell you how we have fared.

The first place of importance seen by him who journeys by the route we have chosen from Frankfort to Wurtzburg, is Hanau, a busy and respectable-looking town. The Royal Palace of Aschaffenburg, a summer residence for the sovereigns of Bavaria, succeeds, and is extremely handsome

as to the exterior; the inside we did not see, being assured that nothing worth visiting is to be found there. Not far from this place is a villa called Pompeia, also the property of the Bavarian crown, and commenced by the artist-monarch Ludwig, late sovereign of that country; it has been completed since his retirement from the throne, and is affirmed to be well worthy of a visit; but we had no opportunity for verifying the truth of the assertion, being fast bound to the car of that imperious victor, known in all lands as the "Royal Mail."

The country in this part of our route we found to be tolerably agreeable; pleasant glimpses of the river Maine present themselves from time to time, with occasionally a tempting pathway winding deviously along, now over the breezy upland, then across the cultivated field, next dipping into a shady hollow, and anon becoming lost in the woodland.

Yet we found this to be "a rare bird on the earth," by no means abounding as do its delightful brethren in our lovely England, where the perpetual recurrence of such is a veritable benediction. And herein is indeed exhibited one of

the most significant among the many differences existing between our own thrice-beloved land and every other under the sun;—I mean as to external feature merely. The *drives* are fine in other countries, as in our own; nay, frequently much more so; splendid reaches of varied magnificence present themselves as you roll along, by lake, mountain, or woodland, as the case may be, and whether you take your way by north or south; but for that inspiriting *walk*, through the gladsome length whereof the mother rambles with her rejoicing children, well pleased to pause and wait their pleasure as they rifle every hedgerow of its blossoms, and dive into each clear brooklet: confirming their health, cultivating their tastes, increasing their love of the good and beautiful, and directing their more serious thoughts, as the occasion shall present itself, to the Source of all things beautiful and good—for *this* we must seek principally in our own favoured home. We say principally — not solely — remembering that among our cousins of the great German nation, something similar may be found; but in France, but in Italy, look for nothing of the kind. The careful decoration of her own person and that

of her daughter, for the crowded promenade; that, and that only, so far as out-door exercise is in question, forms the care of the Frenchwoman: the Italian is prevented, by the nature of her climate, from exhibiting those habits of activity which prevail among ourselves, and she, too, depends chiefly on the public promenade, which is accordingly furnished to her, as it is to the Frenchwoman, in every town and city, great or small, throughout her country. But judge ye the difference! see the English mother, issuing forth daily with her bright flock, a gladsome troop, whose devious way, joyously prolonged over hill and dale, presents them at each step with some new fair excellence of beautiful nature; and then bethink you of the crowded "promenade," at best a formal avenue, or so-called park —but how unlike our English sweep of country thus designated! Or perhaps some dust-covered garden—ill-deserving the name—shall serve the much-to-be-commiserated foreign family for its quarter-deck pacing, hither and yon, to and fro: but can that merit the name of a walk? Ask yourself, too, if this diversity in the daily practice may not have important influence on the future

character? May not the grown-up man—and more particularly woman—be expected to exhibit a different result, as the consequence of this divergence in the mode of training on so essential a point? Let the profound delight felt by the English in all external beauty, as presented by exquisite nature; a delight which you rarely see the people of other countries fully share, or even wholly comprehend—let that alone reply, and it suffices to do so, although there are other indications, and many, by whose strong significance the question might be answered; but these may be safely left to the recollections of the reader, who will be at no loss to discover them in plenty.

After passing Aschaffenburg, the interest of the road increases greatly, being carried, now over bold hills, and now through deep valleys, across the Forest of Spessart, "One of the few remaining fragments," says Murray, "of the great primeval Hyrcinian Forest, described by Cæsar and Tacitus," and which, in early ages, covered so large a portion of the whole country.

The few peasants whom the traveller encounters in crossing this district, appear to be exceedingly poor; and an intelligent native of Bavaria, whose

acquaintance we made at Munich, some years since, assures us that they are so, although their country has the rich and thriving aspect of one that should well afford to feed the dwellers therein.

That ferry across the Maine, at Lengfurth, so long the cause of just complaint, as many will remember, is now superseded by the bridge of Markt Heidenfeld, which has at length been completed.

The amount of work performed by women and cows in Bavaria, disturbs the equanimity of my companion on this occasion, as on others, when we have been here in earlier days. A wretched ass, a cow in but little better case, and a woman, looking less cared for than either, are at this moment before our eyes, all harnessed together to a cart full of stones, and essaying to mount the slope with ourselves. Nor is this the only region wherein women and cows are thus incongruously employed. In the Bavarian Tyrol we have frequently seen them carrying, as well as dragging, stones for the repair of the roads: the women bearing them on their back or head,—the cow in a rude sort of pannier: or each might be seen harnessed, as

here, to carts or barrows,—sometimes alone, or again in social, but right unseemly contact, as just described.

Large flocks of geese appear at short intervals, on either side of the road, as we proceed. There is one fluttering along the pleasant green margin at this instant; the drivers, I regret to say, are looking all but as guiltless of thought as their charge. Now your poor scribe and servant would fain hope that the peasantry may sometimes mend their commons of dry black bread by an occasional inroad on these cackling hordes, who are deafening us so effectually; but my companion will not let me entertain that pleasant notion; he declares they are too rigidly preserved for the all-devouring towns and cities, to permit of any such hope. But the strange team, still toiling up the hill, far, far beneath us, and threatening so to toil most cruelly long, before it can reach the summit, is causing a darksome cloud to veil all his prospect; he sees everything Bavarian *en noir,* just at this moment; yet I hold to my dish of goose after all.

We have found Wurtzburg where we left it,

as regards the site; but the place appears to have become much younger in the interval, while we are not much short of ten years older. Neither town nor traveller has profited in looks by the change; but both are, perhaps, partly to blame for the disappointment that has ensued. There has certainly been somewhat of that destruction, misnamed "restoring," going on in the town; but also we have ourselves seen the few cities, older than Wurtzburg, to be found in Germany, since our last visit to the latter, then the oldest we had seen, and our perceptions were no doubt affected by that circumstance. There are, besides, still remaining some few beautiful oriel windows and pointed gables, to repay the visitor who shall journey hither.

The monuments to the prince-bishops of Wurtzburg, which occupy the whole length of the cathedral, are exceedingly rich, but not so beautiful as rich; the very high points of the mitres, many of them much inclining forwards, have an effect that is not dignified; a determined caviller might even use a much more stronger phrase of disapproval; yet many of

the figures, most of which are doubtless authentic portraits, have considerable character.

The city is well situated on the river Maine, over which it has a stone bridge, with statues of saints on either side; and the view from the citadel must, without doubt, be exceedingly fine,—but I cannot speak from knowledge, not having been able to climb the steep hill, by which alone it is to be attained, at either of my visits.

The palace, a modern building, is of vast extent, and makes an extremely handsome appearance. Our hotel — the Crown-Prince of Bavaria (Kron-Prinz von Bayern)—is immediately opposite to it, and is so good a house, that I recommend you to make it yours, when you come this way.

In our last visit to Wurtzburg, which was also the first, we were lodged at the Swan, from whose windows there is a pleasant view of the river and its shores; but it so chanced that we beheld therefrom a far less agreeable sight. This was no other than a miserable Jewess, whom the town-guard had just delivered from the hands of a dozen half-grown lads, by whom,

as we were told—for we saw neither the outrage nor its perpetrators—she had been tied with ropes, and actually plunged into the Maine. The poor creature seemed half wild with rage, and made frequent efforts to break from the men who led her—with the purpose, as her frantic gestures made sufficiently obvious, of avenging herself on her persecutors. She had not, as it seemed, received the slightest injury from her immersion—the object of her assailants having been to alarm and mortify, rather than to hurt her.

On enquiring of mine hostess for what good deed she had been thus rewarded, we were informed that she was an irreclaimable scold, and that her abuse of all and sundry, was of so bitter and stinging a quality, as to be wholly insufferable: hence, as was supposed, the kind of conspiracy of which her person had been made the object. The admonition may have been well-intended, but we did not think the manner of it very judiciously chosen. A lady, feeling inclined to scold before, would scarcely be more gently disposed after the application of such discipline as this; and there was, accord-

ingly, an expression on the face of the present recipient, such as we had not often seen, and hoped but rarely to see again. It was a compound of almost every evil passion, and the fury, which was the predominant characteristic, was something awful.

"You, poor soul, will not be recovered, from whatever form of moral leprosy may be corroding your spirit, by this rough medicine," was the thought with which I bent a pitying gaze on the wretched creature; and she must certainly have read that thought in my face, for she turned her own towards me with an aspect so totally altered, that the change seemed little short of miraculous. A radiant sunbeam, piercing the darkest cloud, would make but a poor comparison,—yet it comes aptly here, because the effect was transient, as is often that of the beam itself.

Those who had charge of the woman led her on, and I could see her face no more; but her voice and gestures sufficiently proved that rage had resumed its influence. We were then on our way to Nuremberg, and had afterwards gone from that city to Munich, when, as we

were one morning approaching the Glyptothek, we were stopped by a woman, whom at the first moment I mistook for a beggar, but perceived, at the next glance, to be the Jewess of Wurtzburg. She kissed my hand, with the phrase always used on such occasions by the Bavarians and other Germans of her class, and giving me that same peculiar smile, bright and transient, which I had seen at Wurtzburg, she drew aside to make way for our entrance to the building, and I, passing forward somewhat hastily, saw her no more. It is true, that before I had half crossed the vestibule, the little touch of confusion, which I had not then learnt to be free from, at this hand-kissing ceremony—so foreign to our English manners—had passed over, and I stepped back, intending to speak a few words of kindness to the poor outraged creature, who seemed so likely to be comforted by such,—but she had disappeared.

Five years afterwards, we were again at Munich; and proposing to stay there some weeks, we hired rooms in the house of a Jewish family, being tempted by the pleasant and convenient situation of the dwelling. Here I one

day cautiously alluded to the circumstance I have just related, and found, as I had thought probable, that the principal person referred to therein, was but too well known among her people. She was not of mean birth, but a series of errors had early estranged her from her kindred, and she had gradually sunk to what I had seen. The violence to which she had then been subjected had been followed by three separate attempts on the life of the person whom she suspected of instigating her assailants, and who was a connection of her own. The last of these murderous onslaughts was made with no other weapon than the bare hands of the infuriated woman, but was so nearly successful, that the victim (also a woman) never recovered from its effects, although she lived nearly two years after it, and had, indeed, as our good hostess informed us, but recently died. The imprisonments and other hardships to which the miserable Jewess had been subjected—or rather, perhaps, the violence of her own ungoverned passions — were meanwhile clearly seen to have affected her reason, and she was then in a madhouse, from which it was

not to be supposed that she would ever be suffered to emerge.

I cannot but think that different and milder measures would have produced a much less painful conclusion in this instance, even though they should fail to do so in some cases. Society is a hard mother to her children; they offend her laws, and she expels them from her bosom; yet, when they work the deeds of the outcast, she does not say with pity, "I have myself in part contributed to this:" she does but arm herself with a heavier scourge; and who shall marvel if we too frequently have such histories, as that of this poor Jewess of Wurtzburg, as the result?

CHAPTER IX.

Bamberg—Petticoat of the Empress St. Kunigunda—Cathedral and Crypt—Palace of Prince-bishops—Tragical event—Heights of St. Michael—Public garden—Church and convent of the Michaelsberg—Tomb of St. Otho—Frescoes and Reliefs—Life and miracles of the Saint—Castle of Altenberg—Treachery of Bishop Hatto—Count Adalbert—Beer-cellars of Bamberg.

BAMBERG, May 10th.—Since leaving the Rhine, through whose gladly-revisited localities we compelled ourselves to pass with sealed lips, although not with closed eyes,—since leaving the Rhine, I say, we have suffered a dearth of loveliness in "the world without," which has driven us to the cities for the chief of our pastime. This is a state of things which we do not willingly endure for

any very long time; but *being* in the cities, we go about among the "ferlies" they have to show, with commendable industry. Yet I have to make the mortifying confession, that though we have twice paid long visits to the cathedral of Bamberg, we have not found opportunity for paying our respects to the Petticoat of the sainted Empress Kunegunda, which is preserved here, with most reverent care, as, indeed, it well deserves to be, if its reputation as an infallible cure for toothache be well merited. To make up for this omission, we sincerely admired the beautiful crypt beneath this church, which is in admirable preservation.

The view from the height on which stands the cathedral, as does the building now the royal palace, and formerly the residence of the prince-bishops, is extremely fine, overlooking the plain on which the greater part of the city stands, while the slopes that bound the eastern extremity of the level ground, present the site up which ascends the remainder of the town. Across this plain the course of the river Regnitz, on which Bamberg is partially built, may be traced, to its junction with the Maine.

Passing along the range of building, which, forming one wing of the palace, has its windows on the city, at one of our earlier visits to Bamberg, we had our attention called to an ominous-looking dark-red cross, painted on the wall, and on turning towards it, were directed to a window immediately over the cross, whence, as our guide assured us, the unfortunate Prince of Neufchâtel (Marshal Berthier) had cast himself headlong, in the summer of the year 1815. The man described the mangled condition of the unhappy marshal as something dreadful to contemplate; and dashed thus on the pavement of the terrace from the height of the window out of which he had thrown himself, the consequence could not fail to be awful.

There is, however, much cause to hope that the death of the prince was an accident, and not a suicide; but this our informant would by no means admit.

The monuments raised in the cathedral-church to bishops and other ecclesiastics of high rank are very numerous. Two of these works —those erected to the bishops Ernst and Gross von Truchsses — are known to be by Peter

Vischer and others, are attributed to that master, but their authenticity is not well established.

The Michaelsberg, or Hill of St. Michael, has also a church on its summit, and the remainder of the ground, agreeably laid out as a public walk, where not occupied by the old convent and its gardens, deserves all the praises bestowed on it. The view is indeed very fine; and that of the town, as seen from the high terrace of the garden, is singularly curious. The tomb of St. Otho, one of the patron saints of Bamberg, is the principal attraction presented by the church of St. Michael; if we except the various scenes, in the life of the bishop, represented on the walls, and some of which are sufficiently curious.

This "dear protector of our arch-diocese," to borrow the words of Dr. Riou—whose "Life and Acts of St. Otho,"* "newly related for youth and the people," I here quote literally—was born in "the blessed Suabia." His parents, though of noble race, were poor, yet did not neglect his education, which was completed, after their death, by his elder brother.

* *Leben and Thaten des Heiligen Otto—Bamberg.*

Unwilling, however, to remain a burthen to his relative, the young Otho " one day mounted his horse, and rode forth towards Poland, where he soon distinguished himself by the excellence of his life, and rose to much honour in the church. Returning to Germany, he was appointed by the Emperor Henry to the bishopric of Bamberg, but had not long exercised the duties of that high position, before an event occurred which caused him instantly to resign it.

" Making a visitation to the church of Rothenstein, Bishop Otho was informed that certain precious relics of various saints were enclosed within the altar; and resolving to remove them to a position where, as he said, 'they might be more worthily honoured than was possible in so obscure a place,' he repaired with his clergy to the spot, and commanded that the altar-table should be removed.

" None dared to obey, and the bishop, seizing an iron instrument, struck the altar-table thrice with the same, when, behold, there gushed forth blood from the stone as from a human body. The bystanders stood petrified; and the bishop, trembling with fear, cast down the instrument,

and fell on his knees to entreat pardon for what he had done.

"He then determined to resign his bishopric and retire to a convent; but was induced after some time to re-assume the mitre, which few have ever borne more worthily. Among the many virtues of Otho, was that certainly difficult one, forgiveness of enemies—of this we have proof in the following anecdote.

"A dexterous armourer once presented him with a basket of arrows, so long and sharp that they could not fail to do notable execution on all against whom they might be sent.

"'But why hast thou made them so sharp and so long?' enquired the bishop.

"'To the end that they may pierce through the thickest shield of thine enemies,' replied the smith; but the bishop rejoined—

"'Nay, rather, I forgive them all—mine enemies,' and he therewith sent the basket of arrows to the Michaelsburg, as a contribution towards the building of the church, then—at the beginning of the twelfth century, namely—in course of construction.

"The reputation of this good man constantly

increasing, he received an invitation from Boleslaw, Duke of Poland, by whom he was implored to attempt the conversion of the heathen Pomeranians, pirates and sea-robbers, by whom the neighbouring coasts and havens were kept in perpetual terror. His labours in that service were long to tell; it must suffice to say that they were eminently successful; the chief seat of heathenism in that district, namely Stettin, was brought over to the Christian faith, and other towns soon followed.

"This was all the more honourable to Otho, inasmuch as the Spanish Monk Bernardo, who had been the first to attempt the conversion of Pomerania, had signally failed. The history of that attempt may be related in few words.

"Appearing among these rude heathens in the garb of a barefooted friar, the good Bernardo declared himself to be the Ambassador of the King of Heaven; but the heathens replied, that so great a God as he described would scarcely take a beggar for his ambassador; and comparing him with their splendidly-attired priesthood, they refused him all credence. Bernardo then proposed to shut himself up in a

burning house, from beneath the ashes of which he would nevertheless come forth in safety, as a proof that he was sent by God. But to this the people made answer, that in so shutting himself up, he would but prove himself mad as well as a beggar.

"Now the beggar was an object of especial reprobation in that land, where the master freely took part in all labours with his men, and was the first to lead his ploughmen in the furrow, and his reapers in the harvest-field; hence there could not be a more contemptuous term of reproach than that thus applied to the poor Bernardo.

"He then took an axe, and would have hewn down the principal god of their city, a great idol of wood; but this attempt had well nigh cost him his life; and he escaped only by help of the heathen priests, who put him on board a ship and bade him go preach to the fishes. Bernardo then returned to his convent, convinced that no poor man would ever convert the Pomeranians.

"Bishop Otho accordingly permitted himself to be dissuaded from proceeding as the humility of his disposition would have suggested. He

appeared in all the pomp of the hierarchy, and was successful, as we have said.

"Then it chanced, that in one of the Pomeranian cities there dwelt a woman, rich in land and cattle, but poor in heart and soul, who would hear nothing of the faith preached by Otho, and despised his counsels.

"Her maids, less obdurate than herself, were preparing on a certain Sunday to attend the mass, when their mistress bade them follow her to the fields, where the corn stood awaiting their sickles.

"'Do as ye see me do,' she exclaimed to her reluctant handmaids, and raising her sickle, she prepared to plunge it amidst the golden ears; but oh, miracle! the arm thus raised aloft, returned no more to her side; stiffened by death, it remained extended before the terrified eyes of her menials, and when she slowly sank to the earth a lifeless corpse, they rushed in horror from the place, where the heathenish woman was instantly buried, a warning to all who should dare the like.

"Among the superstitious practices first rooted out by the good Bishop Otho, was that of con-

sulting the Black Horse, an animal carefully tended, in a rich temple, which his adorers had carefully built apart from their dwellings, and where he was reverently watched and tended by consecrated priests, night and day. Him the people consulted on all important occasions, in the mode and manner following.

"They planted nine lances in the earth, at equal distances from each other, and the officiating priest then led the sacred horse, which had never known a rider, three times over these lances towards the rising sun, and three times towards the setting-place of the same. Did the horse return untouched by the lances, the omen was a good one; and the matter in relation to which he was consulted, whether a marriage, a war, or any other undertaking, were in question, was proceeded with; but if one of the lances were ever so slightly touched or displaced by the horse, the affair was abandoned as unpromising.

"This horse the bishop now caused his servants to harness and use in field-labour, for which Otho declared him to be better calculated than for a prophet. But the act had nearly proved

fatal to the prelate. Compelled to fly before the people, a blow levelled at his head by one of the heathens fell short, very happily, of the aim proposed, but grazed the bishop's shoulder, and brought him to the ground. Panzinius, a noble, whom the Duke Boleslaw had sent with many followers to attend his person, quickly raised him and bore him from the danger in his arms; but not until a hard battle had been fought by the men of Panzinius, who instantly surrounded their commander and his holy burthen.

"When the bishop had recovered his senses, the first words he uttered were a reproach to Panzinius for having robbed him of the palm of martyrdom which he had for a moment believed to be in his hands, and fain would Otho have returned to the strife. But Panzinius made answer:—

"'Holy Father, we have all had hard knocks enough for one day, let us therewith be content.'

"Returning after a certain time to his bishopric of Bamberg, the pious Otho was there received with solemn processions, and every honour

that could be devised; but the wicked Satan could not endure to lose so good an opportunity for casting tares amidst the wheat sown in Pomerania, and he sent wolves in sheep's attire among the bishop's newly-gathered flocks. Crafty pagan priests began to creep forth among the people, many of whom they led back into the darkness of heathendom, when these resumed the long-abandoned dance around their idols with redoubled fury. But while thus employed, there fell lightning from Heaven, by which the whole city, where this unhallowed exercise took place, was set on fire. The people called on their gods to aid; but the more they were called, the more their idols would not hear. Nay, even their sacred tree, Julbaum itself, did not escape; it was suddenly uprooted by an irresistible whirlwind, and nought remained uninjured save only the tabernacle in the Christian church. This sanctuary, which was but of reeds, was respected by the flames; but the church itself, although constructed of strong beams, was totally consumed.

"Struck by this circumstance, the people once more drove the heathen priests from the place,

and re-instated the Bishop Adalbert, whom Otho had placed over them.

"At Stettin, a famine was declared by the pagan priests to be the visible sign and expression of their idol's resentment; and the people, led by their false teachers, destroyed the Christian church of St. Adalbert, which Otho had built. But when they came to the tabernacle of the sacrament, those heathen hordes drew back in terror, and calling on their priests, exclaimed:—

"'We have done our part. See, there sits the god of these Christians; go ye and do battle against him.'

"A priest laid hand on the axe accordingly, but he did so with trembling heart, and scarcely had he raised an arm to strike, when he fell dying to the earth, exclaiming as he fell:—

"'Great is the God of the Christians; none shall withstand him.'

"'What then shall we do?' enquired the bewildered crowd; and the expiring heathen counselled them to respect that shrine, but to build a temple to their three-headed god, Triglao, beside it, and worshipping both together, thus prevent either from doing them harm.

"These things soon reached the ears of Otho, and on Holy Thursday, in the year 1128, just four years after his first arrival in Pomerania, he again appeared among the people, suitably followed as before, and this time bringing much wine with him, seeing that he had previously felt embarrassed by the want of the same for the sacrament.

"But when the people were found to hear him gladly, a crafty heathen priest bethought him of the following stratagem. Adorning himself with all his ornaments, he concealed himself in the forest of Zitz, and appearing to a peasant there seeking firewood, he declared himself to be the war-god of those lands, Gerovit by name, and commanded that all who followed the Christian bishops should be struck dead.

"The peasant related his adventure as was expected, and when the truth of his words was questioned, the priest who had performed the part of the god, took care to appear and confirm the relation; whereupon it was fully determined that when Otho and his train should arrive in their bounds, every Christian among them should be slaughtered.

"The first messengers sent thither were accordingly advised to hide themselves, but being discovered and hard pressed by their enemies, they took refuge in a temple of Gerovit, near which they stood.

"None had seen them enter; but as night came on, they grew weary of their hiding-place, and one among them feeling bolder than the rest, took the shield of the god from the hand of the idol, and ventured forth to reconnoitre.

"Seeing this figure thus proceed from the temple of their god, certain heathens who chanced to behold him, believed they saw that idol himself; and the Christian, taking his advantage of their mistake, held such discourse to the multitude, which quickly assembled at the news, that all returned to their bishop with tears of repentance. Thus the craft of the heathen priest did but turn to the downfall of his power.

"The unbeliever was nevertheless not yet at the end of his resources, and when Otho entered Stettin in full episcopal splendour, that pagan aroused the multitude against him by many dark lies; when, behold as they raised their weapons aloft, these assailants were seen to stand petrified,

and remained immoveable, as their own wooden idols, in every limb.

"Then spake Otho, 'See here the power of God! wherefore do not these men strike? and ye, rebellious heathen priests! if your gods have power to do aught, wherefore aid they not? Call on them, ye servants of idols, for now is their time to help you if they can!' But all stood immoveable; not one could speak a word, until Otho, moved to compassion, made on each one the sign of the cross, when each, as he received that blessing, again began to move. The heathen priests then fled, but all beside remained to be baptized.

"Many other wonders and miracles worked Otho in these lands; and once, during a great dearth, he bade the fishermen cast their nets, although the time for catching fish had not yet come. They obeyed without any hope of success; but so great a store of fish was caught, that the like had never before been seen. All ascribed this miracle to the power of Otho, as they did what soon afterwards befel a merchant of Pomerania, who lay prisoner among the Danes.

"Making his especial prayer to God, who had converted him from heathenism by means of the Holy Bishop, St. Otho appeared to him in a vision, and bade him be free. Awaking from his trance, the merchant then found his chains lying beside him, and the door of his dungeon unbarred; he walked forth therefore, nothing hindering; but when he had reached the sea-shore, no ship was found to bear him from that dangerous land.

"Darkness came down, and the but half-delivered captive sank on the rocks in despair; but what followed? As he lay there weeping, the moon issued from a cloud, and by her light he beheld a small boat approaching across the smooth wave. Restored to hope, the merchant entered with faith and fearing nought, when a favourable wind bore him across the water; and as he no sooner touched his native shore, than he began to relate this miracle to all who would hear it, the people, finding what marvels were performed by the God of the Christians, through Otho, came in crowds without number to be baptized.

"Many other great works followed. Heathen priests having sent murderers to take the life of

Otho, the bishop was seen by them to be suddenly surrounded by a heavenly light, which terrified them from their purpose; but the priests who had hired them died a horrible death, crying lamentably, as their souls departed, 'This do we suffer for our sins against Otho.'

"A woman seized with blindness threw herself at the bishop's feet, imploring help. 'Go,' said he, 'to the church of St. Adalbert; call on the name of that saint, and his intercessions shall help thee.' The woman went accordingly, prayed earnestly to the saint, and behold she regained her sight!

"When she came to the bishop and would have returned him thanks in the presence of all the people, he exclaimed in his humility, 'It is not I, who am but a sinner, that have worked this miracle, it is St. Adalbert whom thou must thank for thy cure; for hast thou forgotten how he guarded the tabernacle of his church when all else was consumed in the great fire? Remember that great misfortune, all ye that are here present, and fall not again into your former heathenism, lest a greater calamity befall you.'

"A soldier, seized with madness, threw him-

self down on the place where the saint had knelt in prayer, and was instantly restored to reason. Another, having a sick child, brought the boy to St. Otho, with four oxen, which he offered as the price of the cure; but the bishop, who never received payment for his holy gifts, blessed the child indeed; but taking father and son into his tent, where certain relics of saints were placed, he told them they might both, if they so willed it, bring their presents there in sacrifice, and call on the mercy of God. They followed his counsels, and the boy became whole. These three miracles may all be seen, as indeed may most of the others, in the pictures which adorn the church of St. Michael, in our dear native city of Bamberg.

"Those who scorned the exhortations of Otho, were taught the power of God in a fearful manner; as happened to a man who, with his wife, had presumed to work in the field on one of those festivals which the bishop had commanded his people to keep holy. On the feast of Our Lady, namely, the man had gone to his field, vainly warned by a priest, to whom he replied,

"'Yesterday only had we a holiday, and shall we have another to-day? What kind of teach-

ing is this, that keeps men from their good and needful work? How then are the fruits of our fields to be gathered?'

"Scarcely had he spoken, and was about to lift his sickle, when he fell dead to the ground, with the sickle firmly grasped in his right hand, and the ears of corn in his left. His wife sank also on the body of her husband, being out of her senses with terror; but she received no further punishment, probably because she, being under the governance of her husband, was but the mere instrument in his hands. Yet as she followed the corpse of her husband, she had to endure the public disgrace of not being able to twist the sickle out of his hands, however mightily she strove—until she had first confessed his crime, and related the miracle in the presence of all the people.

"It happened, too, that on the festival of the holy St. Lawrence, a great man with his servants would needs go to the field to cut his corn, and went not to the public worship. The priest paced forth therefore, and warned him not to desecrate the high festival of the holy Lawrence with those slavish works; but the more the good

man preached, the more did the master exhort his servants to labour.

"Then the priest, roused to great anger by his boldness, called on God to convert that sinner by a just punishment. And see! there suddenly falls fire from heaven, which consumes the corn, the portion still standing as well as that already cut. This may also be seen in the pictures of our church on the Michael's Hill.

"By these wonders the people were taught to keep the festivals of the Blessed Virgin and the holy saints with all due honour; while by these and other miracles, which God suffered to be worked by means of his true servant Otho, that bishop earned his name of the Apostle of Pomerania.

"The approaching death of a man is often made known to his friends and acquaintance by various signs, which are called warnings; and it would be as presumptuous wholly to disregard, as it would be rash and foolish blindly to believe in them. Such warning was received before the death of our saint: it is delivered to us by credible historians, we impart it to our readers in their own words, and they may see it pour-

trayed, moreover, in the twenty-second picture of the series before mentioned. 'The pious monk Hippoldus lay in a sweet sleep, when a dream, bright and soft as the evening sunlight, was permitted to visit him. A beautiful hill rises before him, whose top reaches to heaven, and about this are exquisite figures, moving like the angels that Jacob saw on the ladder; they bear amethyst, emerald, ruby, and sapphire, all which they place with joyful songs on the summit of the hill, where a splendid palace was rearing its walls, which, though not yet completed, were radiant as a throne amid the clouds." (Let the reader not quarrel with this, for it is certain that no fabric of earth can equal those constructed in cloud-land.)

"'And who are ye?' enquired Hippoldus of the bearers; 'and wherefore bear ye thus these stones aloft?'

"'We are the souls of the poor, who have been sheltered in Otho's bosom,' returned the angels; 'and with the stones of his works we are here building a heavenly palace, wherein the saint shall be enthroned when he disappears from your world. Glorious must be the dwelling-

place that shall receive him, beaming as doth a star-bespangled pavilion.'

"Amazed at this discourse, Hippoldus hazarded a second question.

"'And how long a time must still elapse before the building shall be completed?'

"'When five years have gone and past, shall the palace stand complete in the richest glow of its jewelled stones,' vouchsafed the angel; 'and then to the sound of our joyful songs shall we lead Otho there to dwell.'

"And the dream of the pious Hippoldus—significant and wonderful—was a glance into the book of eternity, which proved to be no deception, but the truth. The fifth year after it had taken place, was just completed, when Bishop Otho peaceably resigned his soul, and passed over to the land of never-ending happiness. This chanced at one hour after midnight, on the last day of June, in the year 1139; Otho being then in the thirty-seventh year of his episcopate, and the eightieth of his age.

"During three successive days the body of the bishop was carried round to all the churches of Bamberg, as is the custom of the church, with

prayer and song, and the sounding of all the bells; it was then borne to rest in the church of St. Michael, where his tomb is still visited, and venerated by many pious and faithful Christians.

"Great wonders happened after his death of which there shall be discourse in the following chapter."

The miracles here referred to were, that "the blind recovered their eyesight, and the dumb their speech; persons afflicted with the gout and other maladies were restored to health; and all these things are represented in the pictures of the church on the St. Michael's Hill, so frequently referred to.

"The Bishop Otho Largus, a connection of the saint, caused these things to be made known to the reigning pontiff Clement III., and in the year 1189 the holy bishop—'after exact and authentic assurance of the truth'—was admitted into the number of the saints. Bishop Largus had the grave of Saint Otho opened on this occasion, to the end that the people might kiss the hand of their benefactor. Let us then ever solemnize his memory with thankful hearts,

and sing loud songs in his praise; an additional service in honour of St. Otho was performed for the first time in the year 1832, at what was formerly the monastery of St. Michael; it was established by a pious institution, and is now numerously attended."

So far De Riou's History, "newly related for youth and the people." That it is *newly* related is one reason why, though closely abridging, we have faithfully retained all the spirit of his book; for such are the lessons taught in these lands, not in what are called the dark ages, but in this year 1852. And it is to "youth and the people" that they are taught, with what fruits let those who would have our own "youth and the people" sit under similar teaching, be pleased to show.

For ourselves, we should have passed over these things on this occasion, as we have done on others when remarking their existence in foreign countries, and should have held our peace, as hath been our custom in all the many years during which we have been familiar with these "teachings,"—not from indifference to the effect of such lessons, but from the conviction that

hope of better there is none, for the present, in those countries, while in our own favoured land, we had at one time absolutely nothing to do with the matter: no proselyting Romanist, under a different name, had then appeared. But the times have changed, the affair has become our own, and it therefore behoves all in whose possession circumstances may have placed the requisite knowledge, to send it abroad, for the warning of such as are unconsciously falling into a snare.

Unconsciously; for it is a fact that even thoughtful people in our country are but little aware of what they do when they permit the insidious approaches of Catholicism, in that dangerous mask which it is her present policy to wear; many think that changes must have been effected by the lapse of centuries, and that the difference existing in essential points between the Roman Catholic error and the Protestant faith, is not so great as others affirm it to be. But they are wrong. For a particular purpose, the Church of Rome may assume an appearance of liberality, and the waverer bending towards her is assured that whatever difficulties he may find in his earlier creed, will all be effectually removed

by embracing hers. Of the various dogmas to which his assent will be subsequeutly demanded, not a word is uttered; the broad ground on which all Christians stand, nearly side by side, is declared to be that on which the church, in whose bosom he is gently entreated to shelter himself from whatever doubts may assail him, stands firmly based; and it is not until he finds himself bound soul and body, that the proselyte is permitted to know what are the doctrines that he is in fact called on to believe—what the discipline to which his life is thenceforth to be subjected.

And here we are not alluding to the mere practice of forms, although these are of themselves not a little onerous; it is to the subjugation of mind and thought that we refer, and the deteriorating influence of which, volumes would not suffice to declare.

That the world is not to be led back into the darkness of error, we believe most hopefully, because "Truth is great, and shall prevail;" but that such would be our grievous lot, if those now labouring for the perversion of our motherland could succeed, is by no means to be doubted. Look to it—ye whose words are heard among

us, for great will be your guilt if ye speak not now to the purpose. Too long have some who ought to have been our watchmen remained silent, and why have they done so?

There is a ruined castle at the summit of a hill at some short distance from Bamberg, and connected with this is one of those histories of crime and treachery unhappily but too frequent in the age (tenth century) when the facts took place. The ruin is called Altenburg, and you will find the story effectively related in Murray.*

* The story here referred to is told in the following words: "At the distance of about a mile and a half from Bamberg, and overlooking the whole adjacent country, rise the ruined walls of the Altenburg, a very ancient castle, originally the seat of the Counts of Babenburg, but which was forfeited in the tenth century by one of them, Count Adalbert, namely, a robber knight.

"He had been condemned to death by the Emperor Louis, on account of his lawless deeds, and perpetual feud with the episcopal see of Wurzburg, which had caused him to be placed under the ban of the empire; but the fate of this last of the Babenburgers was decided by the treachery of a priest, and he was lured to his destruction in the manner following.

"Bishop Hatto of Mayence induced Count Adalbert

A fine view of the surrounding country rewards the ascent of the hill; and those who desire such, may have sundry cups of coffee in addition, to say nothing of beer, for the preservation of which, the dungeons of Altenburg, now used as cellars, enjoy a very enviable reputation.

About hotels the guide-books are for the most part sufficiently good authority, but when we find

to visit the emperor's camp, by assurances of that monarch's disposition to forgiveness; and to remove the count's fear of treachery, Bishop Hatto took a solemn oath to conduct him back to his castle in safety.

"They set forth together accordingly, but had not proceeded far, when the bishop complained of faintness, and they returned to the castle to procure refreshments. Having obtained these, they proceeded to the camp of the emperor, where Adalbert was instantly seized and executed.

"When upbraided for this treachery, and the breaking of his oath, Hatto basely excused himself by the following reply:

"'Did I not keep my word, and conduct you safely back to your castle? It was no fault of mine if you were simple enough to leave the shelter of its defences a second time.'"—*See Hand-book for South Germany*, p. 78, *et seq.*

one particularly good, I think it well to name it for your benefit. This of Bamberg—called the Bamberger Hof, and well situate in the centre of the town—is a case in point; it is indeed exceedingly good, the rooms are clean, and the people civil and obliging. It is true that we have often found the table-d'hôte of a German hotel more variously provided; but for all who eat to live, rather than live to eat, that of mine host at the "Bamberger Hof" will be amply sufficient.

CHAPTER X.

Nuremberg—Hans Sachs, the cobbler-poet—Works of art in Nuremberg—Old Castle—The Heathen's tower—Kunigunda's lime-tree—Our hotel—An alarm—its cause and result.

NUREMBERG.—No city of Germany has so carefully preserved its middle-age appearance as hath this good town of Nuremberg; and if one of her sons, whose words now lie before me, may be credited, the "spirit of order, moderation, purity of life, integrity and piety, bequeathed to her inhabitants by their forefathers, are still maintained in a high degree among them."

So much the better; and since it is so, that will sufficiently account for our friend "Johannes Scharrer's" further assertion, that "a happy star hath ever shone, and still doth shine, over

Nuremberg, of whose agreeable features the visitor must needs bear away so pleasant an impression, that the most splendid cities shall not afterwards have power to efface the same."—Amen, and let it be so, nor do I think indeed that the place is one to be readily forgotten.

Here we still find the sharply-pointed gables and richly-decorated fronts, which have in too many cases been suffered to disappear from other cities of almost equal antiquity, and you take few steps through the winding streets without being arrested by some object of striking interest. Now it is a fountain, then a church, and anon some noble dwelling of the middle ages, remaining almost as left by the builder, and in some cases even inhabited by the family of him who laid the first stone.

For our own part, we proceeded in the first instance, on this occasion, as at other times, to the house of Albert Dürer—dear and patient Albert—who, if he did not "die of that evil tongue of his evil wife," as some one has said somewhere—did without doubt live in misery because of its perpetual clangour; a circumstance which would go far to make one agree with his

true friend, the beloved "Willibald Pirkheimer," in his remarks on the character of that awful dame.

"She is not a quean," writeth Willibald in a wailing epistle to one who was the friend of both himself and Albert. "She is not a quean—but so shrewd a tongue hath she, that I would almost liefer she stood less on the pride of her mannerliness—so only the bitter revilings of her mouth might at some time be at rest."

He proceeds to say how he (Willibald) would trounce her well and soundly, were she the plague of his life as she was of Albert's—but I hold the advice he gives to be dangerous, and cannot prevail on myself to reproduce it.

There are but few paintings by Dürer still remaining in his native place of Nuremberg. Those in the castle—the Four Apostles namely—are by no means to be accounted among the best of his works; and the Death-bed of Crescentia Pirkheimer, the sister of Willibald, is of doubtful authenticity. This is in the chapel of St. Roch, outside the city; the visitor who would seek it must leave Nuremberg by the "Spital Thor."

There is, besides, a picture of Christ laid in

the grave, over the south door of St. Sebald's church, with a triumphal procession in honour of the Emperor Maximilian the First, on the walls of a fragment of the old Council House, both authentic. But the most valuable specimen of Dürer's manner now left to his birth-place, is the portrait of his friend and patron, the Burgomaster Holzschuher, in the possession of whose descendants the work yet remains.

We have likewise visited the grave of the good and gentle artist, as we did that of Pirkheimer, which is in the same "Court of Peace"—the churchyard of St. John, namely.

The cobbler-poet, Hans Sachs, was also buried in this "Friedhof," and to his grave we next proceeded. His house might in like manner have been made the object of a pilgrimage, by such as rejoice in the goodly knocks which he so freely dealt around him at the Catholic clergy of the period (the first half of the sixteenth century); but the most devoted of his admirers, among whom I do not profess myself to be, would vainly seek it now, because it fell to the ground some sixteen years ago; yet with little loss, if, as Mainberger's useful *Wegweiser*

assures us, "every trace of the old times had disappeared."

Works by other meritorious sons of Nuremberg are also to be found in the fortunate city. Those of Adam Kraft, for example, whose Tabernacle of the Sacrament it was, if I do not mistake, which caused him to be accused, by an envious brother artist, of dealing in magic. The execution of this work is so delicate indeed, that it has been doubted even in later times whether its material be stone—as in fact it is: but in the master's own day, when no man was ever at a loss to account for what he beheld, however wonderful—since the broad shoulders of the *Ars Magica* then bore all that could be laid upon them; Adam Kraft was accused of having found unlawful means of softening the material into the consistence of paste, which he then cut at his pleasure: that done, he, by means equally forbidden, restored the whole to its pristine hardness, presenting the work (as we still admire it, and as its perfections afflicted the eyes of his envious accuser) to the admiration of their townsfolk.

The honesty of the master, or the good sense

of his fellow-citizens, prevailed nevertheless, and he did not receive death at the stake, as he might have done, but rather all the praise he deserved for his success.

The work is indeed an exquisite one; placed within the handsome church of St. Lawrence, the largest in Nuremberg: it stands sixty-four feet high, and is supported by kneeling figures, which represent the master and his assistants. The subjects treated are events from the life of the Saviour, but no words can give an idea of the workmanship—it must be seen; and as you stand before it, you will feel no surprise on being told that the admirable master gave five years of his life, with the labour of his men for the same period, to its execution. Your amazement will rather be that it could have been done—as it is—within any portion of time, however long, so greatly does it surpass whatever one is accustomed to behold in the same material. Again I say, therefore, go and see it.

Other works by the same artist enrich the city, as, for example, the Stations or Pillars of the Calvary, erected at the cost of Martin Kötzel, a citizen of Nuremberg, who made a

pilgrimage to the Holy Land, for the purpose of obtaining accurate measures for the same. Nay, these measures having been lost, he returned once more to Palestine, and at length succeeded in securing what he desired. The Coronation of our Lady, in the Egidiens Church, is also much admired, as is the relief over the door of the Stadt-Waag Gebaude, with some others; but of these I will only say that they are entirely worthy of the master's great name.

Veit Stosz and Peter Vischer have in like manner bequeathed many proofs of their ability to their native place; examples from the hand of the first will be found in the churches of St. Sebald and St. Lawrence, as well as in the chapel of the Holy Cross, near the Neu Thor, where there are also paintings by Michael Wohlgemuth.

The principal work of Peter Vischer is the monument erected to St. Sebald, in the church of that name. This wonderful production, entirely of bronze, has the form of a gothic chapel, and is of the most exquisite workmanship; the figures of the twelve Apostles, which form one part of its decorations, being considered the

best; but those of the Fathers of the Church, which stand above them, have also great beauty.

The relics of St. Sebald are preserved in a sarcophagus of oak, adorned with silver, and shaded by a canopy of the most exquisite fret-work; beneath are reliefs, of which the subjects are the miracles performed by the saint. The figure of the master himself stands in a niche at one end of the monument, and is by no means the least interesting part of the work.

One of the principal ornaments of Nuremberg is the "Beautiful Fountain," erected between the years 1355 and 1361, by the two Ruprechts, George and Frederick, and by Sebald Schonhofer. Sixteen figures, carved in stone, surround the eight columns of the base; they are chosen, with praiseworthy impartiality, from all times, creeds, and countries, presenting personages no less varied in character than in clime. Joshua, David, and Judas Maccabeus stand in friendly conclave with Hector, Alexander the Great, and Julius Cæsar; while Clovis, Charlemagne, and Godfrey de Bouillon also form part of the circle: Moses and the Prophets

occupy another division of the same work. The fountain was fenced around in the year 1586, with an exceedingly beautiful grating of iron, executed by Paul Kön.

Other fountains also adorn the city; that of bronze, cast by Wurzelbauer in 1589, for example, and which is near the church of St. Lawrence. Figures of six women representing the Virtues, with boys in equal number, blowing trumpets, form the decorations of this work, which gives evidence of much ability.

The Gansemännchen, or Goose Fountain, by Pancratius Labenwolf, and also in bronze, is in like manner greatly admired, and not without reason. The figure of a peasant, with a goose spouting water from its mouth, beneath each of his arms, is the well-chosen and equally well executed ornament of this fountain, which stands on the poultry market.

But I do not think anything in Nuremberg more admirable in its kind than are the magnificent painted windows in the churches of St. Sebald and St. Lawrence; those of the choir in the first-named building were executed in the end of the fifteenth and beginning of the sixteenth cen-

turies; they are by Hirschvogel, Krinnberger, and other masters, and are indescribably rich and beautiful. Those in St. Lawrence are of equal magnificence, and exhibit the armorial bearings of the great Nuremberg families, by whom they were for the most part presented to the church.

Of the many subjects exhibited by certain of these gorgeous windows, I will not here make mention, with the sole exception of that in St. Sebald's Church, restored some thirty years since by the very able artist Heideloff, and wherein are depicted portraits of the Margrave, Frederick of Brandenburg, of his consort, the Margravine Sophia, born a princess of Poland, and of their eight children, to each of whom a separate compartment has been assigned.

We have not failed to visit the Lime-Tree, planted, as the legend affirms, by the Empress Kunegunda, in the court of the old Castle, one part of which, a tower called the Heathen's Tower, is said to be the most ancient structure in Nuremberg. The ex-king, Louis of Bavaria, caused the previously neglected apartments of the Castle to be restored to something like order for his own use; and the works then undertaken

brought to light a ceiling painted in the time of the Emperor Sigismund, or about the year 1412.

There is a small collection of pictures in this building; the Apostles of Albert Dürer are among them, with his portrait (a copy only). The original is said to have been stolen by an artist to whom it was entrusted for copying, and the name of the supposed thief has been handed down to the contempt of all ages, as it would well merit to be, were the fact of his guilt completely established; but we are told that there is a doubt on the subject; and giving him the benefit of that doubt, we will not add to the number of those who have published his name.

A circumstance occurred on the first day of our arrival in Nuremberg, which, though trifling in itself, produced a certain impression on our minds, from its novelty, and from the associations necessarily connected with its character. On alighting at the hotel, we were conducted to a room, for the homeliness of which many apologies were made, and it certainly was not handsome; but being perfectly clean, we very

contentedly accepted our host's assurance that a better would be vacant on the following day, and meanwhile took possession of that proffered us as a temporary substitute.

But we had not done so many minutes, before a singular noise at the door attracted my attention. I was alone at the moment, and at first imagined that some one desired to enter. I therefore called on the supposed visitor to open and come in, as is usual, but no answer was returned; the noise of the operations apparently drowning my voice, and the scratching, boring, and shaking of the door, all which had gradually been established unmistakeably, were still continued.

Ghosts rarely appear in daylight, nor do thieves give the preference to sunshine for the exercise of their peculiar industry; so I boldly determined to open for myself, and see what caused the unusual sounds. I attempted to do this accordingly, but found the door to be held by a firmer hand than my own; and when, on further insisting, the leaves were permitted to fall open,* there stood an object from which, if

* The door was what we call a folding-door.

your leal servant had started back in affright, she might have fairly stood excused.

A man of more than common height, and black as a gnome, or as one of Rübezahl's liegemen, stood before me. It might be "Number Nip" himself, for aught that could be seen to the contrary; and the strange instrument of iron which the giant held in his clutch, gave some colour to the thought.

There was nevertheless a certain air of good-humour in the broad, black face, when he had tossed back his shaggy locks from the same, which gave me courage to inquire wherefore the proprietor had chosen my dwelling of the moment for the scene of his conjurations; but at sound of my voice, did he not turn tail and fly amain? He did, and with all the speed he could make; rattling down the sounding staircase withal, as though it were I, and not he, that was the object of terror.

"*Pour le coup!*" I began to think that I had been standing face to face with a madman, and was about to decamp in my turn from quarters where such doubtful company was to be entertained; but on looking down the stairs

to see if help were at hand, I beheld my ogre returning with our friendly host, his face all smiles and pleasantness.

Nor did the "good monster" himself, thus reinforced, appear to be altogether so much terrified at mine aspect as when he had been compelled to encounter the apparition all alone.

Explanations soon ensued; the man was a locksmith, and had come to put a lock on my door.

"But there is a lock," I remarked, and a good one, too, it was, for this is a point, which the singularly easy habits of continental servants, who enter your room with much less reserve than we are accustomed to in our home (my benison thereon), had long since taught me to ascertain, in the first instance.

"Certainly there is a lock *within side*," was the reply, "but we are about to put one on the outside too."

At a word, I was then informed that the Bavarian law forbade an innkeeper to lodge any guest in a room unfurnished with the means for making that guest a prisoner in his chamber, at any hour of the day or night! The

room I then occupied had only just been prepared for the reception of strangers; it had not yet received its necessary complement in this pleasantly suggestive padlock, and so could not be lawfully mine own, even for an hour, until due command over my person had been thus obtained by *qui de droit*. Hence the haste with which my now smiling and satisfied visitor had been despatched to make my room a prison.

Now, we have the most profound respect for the powers that be, in every land we visit. Feeling well protected beneath the shelter of its laws, we are grateful for the security they afford us, and, all nonsense apart, have ever thought that the passing stranger does better to conform to the regulations imposed, than to waste his moments in questioning their propriety or wisdom. But here was a thing which gave me the most unpleasant sensations, simple as the arrangement very probably is, and designed to be used for none that do not in some way deserve restriction; such locks had doubtless existed on most of the Bavarian and Austrian hotel-chambers that we had occupied, perhaps on those of other countries as well, but this was

the first time that I had noticed the circumstance; and, little as it concerned me, I did not like it.

Boastfully did your scribe at once declare how we English had no such wicked contrivances in our glorious Land of Lands, and how we never meant to have such. I wasted my breath, for no better return than the smiling bows of our departing host, yet did I receive as much as was merited for my pains, since where was the use of exclaiming against what could not be amended, storm as one might?

They have very sweet tempers, too, these men of far-away regions. Mine ogre went to his work again with "nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles," altogether oblivious of the disturbance I had given him; nor, when he found that I could comprehend the tongue his mother had taught him, did he disdain himself to confirm the assurance of the landlord as to the perfect innocence, so far as I was myself concerned, of the work in which he was engaged.

CHAPTER XI.

Cross the frontier into Austria — Enter Bohemia — Eger—Wound to English pride in the English name —Castle of Eger—Banquetting hall—Absolution for murder *before* commission of the crime—Chapel—Crypt—Tower and gate of Roman period—Relics of St. Vincent — Escape from Eger—Blunder of old travellers — Consequences thereof — What may be done with an axe—Journey to Carlsbad—Import of the German "gleich" (immediately)—Elbogen—Tribulations and their causes—The baron bewitched —Ruined convents and episcopal palaces—Unusually plentiful in this part of Bohemia.

THIS morning we have crossed the Bavarian frontier, traversed the short space of the Neutral Ground, and entered the dominions of Austria by her "kingdom of Bohemia," which we

are visiting for the first time, although familiar with many other parts of the Emperor's varied possessions.

We are now at Eger, which is a place whereof no Englishman can see the face without shame and confusion of heart, when, being far from home, he has accepted his more comprehensive appellation of "Briton;" however comfortably he may reassure himself when at home, and in his own country, by the recollection that it was not himself, but his Scotch and Irish neighbours, by whom so heavy a disgrace was in this town inflicted on the British character.

You will see that I allude to the assassination of Wallenstein—but there was more than mere assassination, black as that may be, in this bad act;—the treacherous invitation, namely, of the Duke and his followers to a banquet, at the close of which every guest was murdered. That banquet was given by a Scotchman, General Gordon, the governor of the castle, and the instruments of that atrocious villany were "exclusively Scotch and Irish." Now, if it be conceded that Butler, the assassin of the Duke him-

self, either had, or thought he had, some cause of complaint against him, that plea can scarcely be put forward for the rest of these dishonoured men, who must needs be admitted to hold no less disgraceful a position in the grievous history than that of hired cut-throats.

When at home, one reads of this event with the thought, "Well, they were Irish and Scotch; they were not English," as I said—but when abroad, these small distinctions vanish—Irish or Scotch—all are our countrymen. They are of our House in the great family of Nations, our brethren in short, from whose good deeds we take pride (and happily there are such, and not few, in which we may rejoice), but for whose evil actions we are equally compelled to feel ashamed. There is, however, no other place that I know, where we find so much cause for the latter sensation as at this Eger.

Violence if you will, and if it must be so: there are means for repelling that—but the treachery here perpetrated, was such as the very vilest recoils from, and it has but rarely tarnished the names of those large numbers among our brave countrymen, whom evil times

compelled to take service with foreign princes at the period in question.

The facts of this dismal story are known to most readers, and are beside almost all related with accuracy, as well as circumstantially, in "Murray's Guide." I need not repeat them, therefore, and will but say, that we visited all the places which are connected with the story, and which the Hand-book mentions. The grounds immediately around the castle are laid out, but not in a very good manner, as a kind of garden; but if we are not to believe with the people, that the place has been haunted from the moment when those crimes were committed, yet there is a depressing cheerlessness about the whole, which caused us to agree as we left it, that if ever, for our sins, we should be condemned to take up our abode at Eger, never again would we be found within those evil precincts.

The time was, nevertheless, a bright sunny morning; one that, for us in particular, is invariably a period of the most inspiriting influences: nor is the position of that low-seated, half-buried kind, which of itself will sometimes depress the spirits. On the contrary, the castle

and its surroundings occupy, as usual, the highest and most commanding ground in the neighbourhood; a bold hill, giving pleasant views over the lower slopes on the one hand, with the town and river on the other; while before you, as you turn your back on the ill-omened ruin of that fatal banquetting hall, there opens a most lovely and inviting glen. Yet is the place a dreary one, and to be forgotten as soon as you shall find oblivion possible. It is unfortunate for the people of Eger that their castle has been rendered a thing forbid, since they have no other place to substitute for that bold height, whereon the ruin stands; the baths of Eger,* their only remaining resort, being nearly three miles from the town. Yet they do well to abandon both castle and precincts, for the place is haunted, if not by spectres in winding-sheets, yet by the presence of a terrible Memory, which cannot be exorcised "by Bell, Book and Candle."

The murderers received absolution in the chapel of the castle, *before*, and not after, the

* Franzensbad.

perpetration of their crime. Oh! ye who preach that the time has come when we may all be members of one Universal Church—meaning thereby the Church of Rome—are ye hoping to bring within our purer pale the followers of the creed which permits its ministers to give such absolution?—or are ye prepared to go over to the church which suffers so fearful a desecration? But if you do not contemplate so much as that last, what shall ensue? seeing that "Rome is unchangeable:" like the law of the Medes and Persians, she altereth not: it is you that must alter; of that be ye well assured.

This chapel, composed of a crypt and small oratory over it, is a ruin of much interest as regards its architectural details; the pillars supporting the lower part are of granite, with heavy capitals of very simple character; the columns of the upper chapel are of marble, and the authorities, English and German, inform us, that they have Gnostic inscriptions on their capitals. We, however, being wholly unlearned in these matters, did but look at them from below, and saw only that there were certain symbols carved thereon.

The oldest part of the structure is a tall and massive square tower, affirmed by the Egerites to be a work of the Romans, and formed of blocks of black lava from the neighbouring eminence of the Kammerbühel, an extinct volcano; but the truth of this assertion is questioned, and with good reason.

Before the church of St. Vincent, one of those in the older part of Eger, are placed the relics of that saint; they are enclosed within a sort of chapel, the front of which is of glass, to permit their being seen from without. They have performed many great cures and other miracles, as we were assured by the mistress of the hotel where we breakfasted.

FALKENAU.—We have left that doleful Eger and its unhappy memories, for Carlsbad, where we hope to arrive in good time, but are just now detained at Falkenau (the castle and domain of Count Nostitz), to await the bringing forth of a second carriage, having been ejected from that which brought us hither, and which must return forthwith to Eger. We have been pleased to grumble not a little at this interruption, although not with any great cause, since the delay has given us an opportunity for walk-

ing in the grounds and looking at the castle of Falkenau. This we should not otherwise have done, the entrance to the gardens being concealed by a large hotel, which the Count, a Bohemian noble of great wealth, built some years since, for the accommodation of travellers; and we, not being aware of their existence, should have passed through Falkenau without seeing them. There is nothing worthy of record to be said of this castle and its surroundings; but we have beguiled the tedium of waiting therein, and recommend others, similarly situated, to seek the like solace.

ELBOGEN. — Again pulled up, and waiting until another carriage can be provided; but as we are to have still another such interruption some few miles hence, and as that will make the fourth change between Eger and Carlsbad, a distance of some forty miles only, for which we had taken places in the mail which goes *direct*, the matter demands an explanation.

This, then, you shall have; while the very raggedest of all ragged boys that ever mine eyes did see, is seeking our new conveyance; which will not be here as yet, very certainly,

although he tells us it is to come, in that inevitable "gleich" (immediately), which is the unfailing reply of the German to our English impatience.

You are to know, then, that when taking our places in the commodious and comfortable carriage of the Bavarian railway, between Nuremberg and Hof, we ought to have determined on proceeding direct to the latter place; but it suited us to turn aside for a visit to Eger instead, and "Hinc illæ lacrymæ," with not a few others.

For in the first place, on leaving the rail (of happy memory), at Market Schongast, we were at once boxed up in a so-called diligence, wherein there was but just room for the stowage of our persons. Happily we were but two, the box not being designed to hold more. This felicitous contrivance formed the second division of his Bavarian Majesty's mail; the front seat being reserved for the guard, with whom only one other person can find place.

It is a singular arrangement, but one that we were not wholly unprepared for, and we took our narrow perch peaceably enough. But

lo you now! what befel? We had jolted to the bottom of a most neck-breaking hill, and were rejoicing that our own had been spared from dislocation, when we suddenly found that the seat beneath us, if not our necks, had been dislocated by that jolting, and down we came, "both two" of us; having then made the welkin ring with the piteousness of our complaints, we succeeded in causing our distressful position to become known.

Very luckily we had not quite cleared the hamlet accommodated with this consoling hill, and were presently surrounded by the greater part of its inhabitants. Much gabble and shrugging of shoulders ensued; we were dragged piecemeal from the ruins, were placed compassionately right end upwards, and thereafter stood in the road to wait the issue. After a time, there came a man with an axe of enormous weight and size in his hand; the sole instrument, apparently, with which he hoped to remedy the disaster: now we had heard much of *Russian* ability with the axe, and of the wonders which they of that nation perform therewith, but we had not been told that the Bava-

rian is equally endowed; and seeing clearly that the axe in question was much too large even to enter the vehicle whence your servants had emerged, we could in no wise comprehend after what manner they meant to help themselves by aid thereof.

Again arose loud uproar accordingly; the guard plunged his hands in wild dismay amidst the thickets of his hair, and if he did not tear those locks all up by the roots, he seemed to do so, which answered the purpose as well, without doubt.

No other tool was forthcoming, nevertheless, and first they essayed one end of the axe, then the other—to get both in at once being impossible; feeble enough were the blows they struck, as it seemed to us, nor did we discover by what process they finally contrived to reinstate and secure the seat; it was done, or appeared to be so, nevertheless.

With heads politely denuded of their somewhat dilapidated caps, and faces smiling brightly, these truly courteous and kindly people then came all rushing in a body towards us, cordially assuring us that we might now proceed safely;

and wishing us "*Glückliche reise*" (a pleasant journey), they sped us on our way.

That was mishap. number one—not a very serious one, after all—and we met no other, until we saw ourselves turned into the road at Falkenau, and beheld the vehicle, a cabriolet, in which we had hoped to reach Carlsbad, wending quietly back on its return to Eger.

We entered the substitute, nevertheless, in pretty good heart, the rather as it was a much handsomer carriage, and our *entrée* into the fashionable watering-place of Carlsbad seemed likely to be all the more imposing for the change. But now that we are again cast forth at this Elbogen, we have begun to turn rebellious; and hearing that another change is yet to come, we demand the reason—which is given as thus, or to some such effect.

"You, blundering people that you are! you ought to have entered the mail—not at Eger, but at Hof: had you done so, you would have had places in the first carriage (the occupants of which we had seen sitting in undisturbed serenity, by the way, while we had been handed about as I have described), and would not have

had to make a single change—but you presumed to deviate from the course prescribed; you turned aside to wail over Eger and the doings of your countryfolks there. So you did."

Or if that hath not been thrown in our teeth, it might have been.

"You have thus to be forwarded in a supernumerary mail, established for your accommodation only, and the changes you are afflicted withal are the result."

Such is the substance, if these were not precisely the words of the explanation we have received. The postmaster at Eger forwards all who apply, none are told there is not room, these short-staged vehicles are given even to the solitary traveller; and truly valuable accommodation it is, for those who, like ourselves, have no carriage of their own. When the mail from Hof, which is its starting place, shall come in filled for any place beyond Eger, the best the postmaster can next do for you, is that which he did for us. Who knows but that many of those arrangements which we call inexplicable and growl at, with sufficient excuse, indeed, sometimes, as insufferable, might have

as simple, and in my opinion, satisfactory, a cause as this grievance of ours, if we would only take the trouble to ascertain it ?

We, for our parts, smoothed our ruffled tempers, on hearing what I have told you; and should have done so still more effectually, had we been allowed to visit the Baron bewitched, whose abode is in the Council House of this finely-situated old town. But for that pleasure we have not time; and I regret it much.

It is true the learned tell you that the personage held in thrall by the power of enchantment is no baron at all, but a mass of meteoric iron, which never had more life than it has at present; but I prefer to believe with the people, that it is in truth a wicked Burgrave, their tyrant of old times, who was cased within that metal prison, whence he still looks out to see them holding his memory in horror, and listens with pain while they relate the tale of his misdeeds to all comers.

The entrance to Elbogen is made by a singularly beautiful suspension bridge, which has much abridged and greatly improved the road, formerly a very rugged and hilly one at this point.

There is also a castle of great antiquity here: it was once the residence of the Bohemian kings, but is now a prison. We have, indeed, remarked more ruined convents, episcopal palaces, and other buildings of similar kind, either so used or wholly uninhabited, in this part of Bohemia, the we have ever seen elsewhere, although they are not unfrequently met with in other countries.

CHAPTER XII.

Carlsbad—Peculiar site of—Great heat of waters—Sprudel and other sources—Promenades—Gaming tables prohibited at Austrian baths—Curious effect of street-signs—Early discovery of Thermal waters—Miraculous revelation to Hermit—Legend of St. Ludomilla—Leave Carlsbad—Appearance of town from the heights—House of the Angel—An English princess—The Lady Adelma—Buchau—Festival—Costume of the people—Curious aspect of houses—Pains and pleasures of the Lohn-Wagen—A Bohemian hostel—A road and its history.

CARLSBAD.—Well repaid for all the turmoils, bewailed in my last chapter, as impeding our journey hither, are we bound to declare ourselves on reaching this beautiful Carlsbad. Our hotel, the good "Stadt Hannover," is one of the cleanest—I think *the very* cleanest—we have ever entered

in any land; and the civil attention of both master and servants, leaves us nothing to wish. We are thus in great good humour with all around us; but I do not think it is simply that circumstance which makes Carlsbad appear to us to be one of the most agreeable places of the kind that we have yet visited.

The town occupies a narrow gorge, which it fills completely, and through which there flows the small stream of the Teple: immediately behind the houses—some of them fairly niched into the rocks—rise bold heights, which we have just climbed, to our great satisfaction; the whole place exhibiting its peculiar and sinuous form as the reward of our toil, and lying immediately beneath our feet.

The minute and accurate description of Murray, to say nothing of preceding travellers, had prepared us for a somewhat singular place; but the reality has even exceeded our expectations. The hills by which the neat and clean-looking streets are shut in, are for the most part finely wooded, and through these woods are formed most pleasant walks, liberally furnished with seats and resting-places, in various forms, some

of them being handsome buildings, named after distinguished visitors. The "Caroline's Seat," the "Amelia's Bower," "the Duchess Edward's Repose," "the Countess Mary's Pavilion," and "Findlater's Temple," are instances of this; there are besides many others.

But among the most remarkable peculiarities of Carlsbad, is the mineral spring called the Sprudel. Rising in the very heart of the town, its boiling waters cast high columns into the air, which they fill with a vapour that serves as a perpetual guide to the spot.

Standing beside this steaming fount, you no longer doubt what the travellers' books tell you of the danger to which Carlsbad would be subjected were the safety-valves presented by this and other openings not carefully kept in serviceable condition. For the town is literally built "on the lid of a vast kettle, covering an enormous reservoir of boiling water," and would indeed be constantly liable to explosions, but for "holes bored through the rock in various parts of it." Nay, even these precautions have not always sufficed to prevent accidents, of which many are recorded.

There are other fountains in the place—the most fashionable and most frequented among them being the Mühlbrunnen, Marktbrunnen, and Theresienbrunnen. But the Sprudel is the hottest, and is indeed declared, by competent authorities, to be surpassed in temperature by no spring in Europe, the Geysers of Iceland alone excepted. The people use it for their household and ordinary purposes, and we have just seen women carrying off their steaming supplies from the stream immediately in front of the baths.

All these fountains are enclosed, and furnished with covered colonnades, wherein the water-drinkers may parade, unimpeded by changes of weather. Some of them have gardens, moreover, and the cheerfulness of these is not destroyed, as is the case with those surrounding the "Kursaal" of so many German baths, by the troubled and excited aspect of the gamesters issuing from the dangerous "Converzations-Saal." The season has not yet commenced, few of the shops by which the Neue and Alte Wiese, with the Markt Platz, and others of the principal thoroughfares are occupied, have yet been opened; and this circumstance must needs detract greatly

from the spirit of the scene usually presented here. But we are perfectly content with what we find; and the rather, as we do not now propose to make any stay here, but hope to return when things are all at their gayest.

Meanwhile, there is one thing which affords us much amusement. This is the diverting sign affixed to almost all the houses, making the town appear, to our unaccustomed eyes, as though entirely filled with hotels. "Blue Lions," "Golden Bears," "Silver Unicorns," and "Green Dromedaries," are provided for the edification of the naturalist. "The Golden Cannon," "with helmets galore, of the same fine metal," invites the soldier. "Joyous Hunters," and even "Green Stags," are here, to inveigle the sportsman. "Red Hearts," "White Lilies," and "Waterfalls," are set as traps, that do not fail to catch the sentimental; while "Crabs," "Blue Pikes," "Golden Cans," and "Vine Branches," address themselves to the eating and drinking propensities of all.

Again, those who love great people may lodge with an Emperor of every land that has an emperor; or, failing him, with kings, queens,

princes, counts, and barons, at their choice; and by this bait it is that we have ourselves been caught. Notwithstanding our satisfaction in the "Stadt Hannover," our present abode, the "König von England" is decidedly the house we shall select when we return, if there be then apartments to be procured therein. It is true, that we shall have to content ourselves with something less than the best of the chambers, since it is one of the houses most in request, and the best rooms are costly; but the extreme beauty of the situation will amply make up to us for that circumstance here, as it has done in many other places. With the "Stadt London," and "Englisher Haus," also much-lauded establishments, we are not acquainted, but are told that they too are on the heights; and if on the same side with the King of England, they will, perhaps, serve to console us in the event of our failing to find a nook suited to the dimensions of our purse at the last mentioned. We shall see.

Dietrich, Urbani, and other German writers, declare the virtues of the Carlsbad waters to have been known to the heathen Bohemians, and used

by them as early as the seventh century. The "Sprudel-Stone" they affirm to have been used for architectural purposes from the twelfth century, and they cite the church of St. Leonard, at the distance of an hour from Carlsbad, in proof of that assertion. The first authentic mention of the springs as a curative power, is declared by these authors to be immediately subsequent to the battle of Crecy, when the Emperor Charles IV., who with his father, John of Luxembourg had fought on that occasion for Philip of France, received a wound on his thigh, and came hither to be cured of its effects.

The Emperor Charles IV. is, indeed, assumed, by certain writers, to have been the first discoverer of these waters; and that event is described as follows:

Charles was holding his court at Elbogen, and pursuing the stag in the neighbouring hills, was led by the ardour of the chase into the ravine where Carlsbad now stands. Having driven the quarry to the edge of a yawning gulf, the animal dared the spring, and escaped; but a dog which attempted to follow, fell into a cleft

of the rock, whence he was indeed quickly rescued by the servants of the emperor, but was found to be grievously scalded.

That circumstance caused the discovery of the hot spring; and the emperor's physician, Peter Baier, at once perceiving that the water possessed medicinal properties, prevailed on his master to try the effects thereof. Their application proving useful, the emperor commanded baths to be constructed. The place received his own name—Karl's Bad or Bath. He conferred important privileges on its inhabitants—and the final result has been what we now see.

Another account given by old writers, but not well authenticated, declares that a hermit, and not a dog, was the discoverer of the waters, to which he had been guided by his guardian angel in the form of a goat. Having received the cure promised to him from their use, he was kneeling beside them in thanksgiving, when the emperor, still following the stag, as in the previous story, rode near the place of his devotion, and hearing the praises of the holy man ascending from the depths beneath him, was arrested by those sounds. He subsequently took his part in the

benefit derivable from these waters. in the manner before recounted.

To-morrow we start for Prague, and have just engaged a Lohn-Kutscher, whose "Wagen" is to deposit us within the "City of the Hundred Towers," on the morning of the day following that of our departure.

BUCHAU.—We left Carlsbad this morning by a magnificent road, gently ascending the bold hill which on that side bends over the town. Very steep and stony on first leaving the level streets, it gradually became broader and more open, surmounting the acclivity by a series of fine curves and long zig-zags, which presented us with a succession of agreeable views over the town and lower slopes, with their exceedingly fanciful erections of temple, colonnade, fountain, and pleasure-house; a truly attractive spectacle, to which we shall return with great good will.

On a rock, perched high above our heads—as, having gained the highest level, we proceeded on our way—we perceived a castle in ruin, of which we enquired the name, and were told that it was called Engelhaws, "the dwelling of the angel," from an English princess, who had

there taken up her abode in the old times, and by her charity to the poor, her piety, and the various good deeds of every kind, by which she was constantly giving proofs of excellence, had obtained the appellation of "the Angel." We could not learn the name of this lady, nor do I know that there is any truth in the story, but popular traditions of this kind have, usually, some foundation in truth, and I take it for granted that the one related of Engelhaus is not an exception.* Be that as it may, I tell the tale as it was told to me, and vouch for it no further.

Buchau has had the good manners to put on its best bib and tucker for our reception, unless, indeed, you prefer to think that the fair town has done so because the day is a festival. Any way, we have the benefit; nor is it by any means one to be despised. Red, green, blue, yellow,

* Since writing the above, I have found an old German author (quoted in the Historisches Taschenbuch), who relates the story of Engelhaus—word for word as above—but calls the Lady Adelma "the daughter of the British King Arthur."

brown, and purple, in every variety of shade, adorn the ample square, as they flit by on the heads and shoulders of the Buchau maids and matrons. The shawl, not a very large one, is here made to pay a double debt, and being thrown over the head, falls down thence, and veils the shoulders as well: it is usually of rich tint and showy pattern.

Short petticoats, of hues equally bright, continue the effect, but the glory of the whole woman is here the apron. Deep amber, and orange, full clear lilac, according to the tints that decorate the shawl, flaming scarlet, intense blue, or radiant green—these are the favourite colours, and no shade of them all is too bright for this important article of dress.

In Bamberg, we remarked that the head-dress and apron, often carefully matched, were almost exclusively red, here they present the variety just intimated; white stockings, a liberal portion of their snowy surface given to view, with shoes, not of the lightest certainly, and which might be a better black—since they are apparently intended to represent that colour, and not brown, as one may suspect—complete the

costume; and if you think the effect of the whole likely to prove a bad one, I cannot agree with you, nor is it so, in fact.

Well-braided hair, and a bright laughing eye, shone forth from beneath more than one of the kerchiefs thus employed to make coif and mantle; nor was the decent array at all unbecoming when it shaded the matron brow, or half concealed the grey locks of age; the latter much less appropriately exhibited beneath the flowers and ribbons of towns more sophisticated than is this well-behaved Buchau.

For the less graceful sex, I cannot say that their appearance produced so good an effect on the public square. Long blue coats, descending much below the mid-leg, with Hessian boots, reaching above the knee, and broad-brimmed hats, put on awkwardly at the back of the head, gave a formality to the aspect of the Buchau men which was rather grotesque than dignified; nor did the somewhat stolid solemnity of their looks, detract from the general loutishness of their "visible presentment."

I desire to do these worthy gentlemen no injustice, but methought the greater part of

them looked wonderfully likely to be heavy-going dolts, " and that's a fact."

On all this, the high-pitched roofs of houses formal and inexpressive like the men, looked down, out of small, winking, half-shut eyes, that were indescribably comical—it would be scarcely civil to say ridiculous—in their wonderful resemblance to those of the men they regarded these eyes were, of course, designed for windows of which three, four, and even five rows, diminishing to a point, until only one remains in the centre, are by no means unusual in a Bohemian roof. But these windows are really in the form of eyes, they have not the small, rectangular opening, with its own little roof, projecting boldly from the general covering of the house, as one sees elsewhere, but a sleepy, indolent, lifting of an eyelid (effected by the opening being merely a long ellipse, a mere ripple or swelling, as it were, in the line of the tiles), and the resemblance to an eye is secured, whether intentionally or not, I do not determine, by the fact that this slight and reluctant opening is filled up by means of a white board closely fitting it and displaying the exact similitude of the eye

ball; wanting somewhat of its convexity, perhaps, but an excellent eyeball, for all that. Of the retina I cannot say much—there is none; but there is a round hole in the centre of the white board, the only aperture for light and air, than which nothing could possibly be a more faithful representative of the pupil. Here, accordingly, you have an eye to all intents and purposes; look at them only! the effect and expression of them all, as they peep blinkingly out from the roofs, is it not irresistibly comic?

We see nothing else here that is at all remarkable, nor can we hear of anything, except the somewhat common-place fact, that once upon a time there was a wicked baron who had his robber-hold above the town, and who tore the people with teeth and claws, after the fashion approved by his kind, till the King of Bohemia came to quell him.

The advantages of travelling by Lohn Wagen—rising to depart, namely, at your own hour, resting nearly as much as you please, and possessing the power of pausing to look at whatever may attract your attention by the way—are in some measure counterbalanced by the great

danger you incur of having occasionally to put up with very indifferent quarters; and this was our fate last night.

Arriving at the place where we were to have passed the night, we were met at the door by the landlord and his waiters, not as usual to give us the friendly welcome, so pleasantly offered for the most part in this country, but to help one another bewail the unhappy fact that they could not receive us at all. And such was the grievous truth; every place was already filled, and we must needs pass on.

Very blank did we look at this intelligence, and still more completely discomfited looked the coachman. As to the poor horses, who were the most interested of all the parties, they, too, looked wistfully at the stable they were not allowed to enter; but the grief of all put together, did not avail to procure shelter for our heads. So we sorrowfully paced forth again for what they called another little half-hour, but which proved to be a large whole hour instead, as our fears had but too truly foretold.

The quarters from which we were thus rejected were by no means magnificent; but in

the substitute for them, at which we did at length arrive, we found a dwelling materially worse. No master nor mistress here came forth to greet us, neither man nor maid approached to offer service. Before us yawned a black and cavernous kitchen, where the smoke of the cooking fires contended in vain with the smoke of the pipes,—the latter had the advantage, most decidedly. We are by no means dainty beyond measure; the fact that this is the first syllable we have uttered against that all-prevailing plague of these lands — the thrice-revolting pipe—may serve to prove it; but to encounter the horrors of that den, was fairly more than we could muster courage for attempting. We remained forlorn accordingly, beneath the broad archway so familiar to all who have entered the inns of remote districts in Germany, those of Bavaria and Austria more especially. Once and again did we vainly accost the rough-looking serving-women who were hurrying about in their various duties (waiter there was none, but that was neither new nor strange) — not a girl of them could understand a word. They had no German, and, alas! we had no Bohemian, or, as they say, no Cech.

The poor coachman had led off his weary horses to the stable; small blame to him: so even the carriage, which had been so many hours our shelter, had departed from our eyes, and we stood there alone. At length we saw clearly that some desperate step must be taken; and making our way through the darkness towards another arched opening, under which the carriage had disappeared, we began to call "Yosef! Yosef!" (Joseph was the name of the coachman) with all our might.

For some moments our cries were all in vain; but at length they reached the ears of the good Yosef, a quiet and kindly creature, who would do much for a friendly word, and who now, in a solemn and formal fashion, which was his distinguishing characteristic, began to express his dissatisfaction that our "Graces" had not yet been duly welcomed.

A grave remonstrance, as was manifest by look and tone, sent the next straggling damsel that issued from the kitchen—before whose forbidding portal it was, but at prudent distance, that our colloquy was held—in search of her mistress, who did at last appear, and, to our great

comfort, was found capable of speaking German. In her hands, therefore, Yosef now placed what he called his *herrschaft** (our worshipful selves, *id est*), and glad to return to his horses, was soon lost in the darkness, whence our piteous wailings had summoned him.

Many apologies ensued, but, still better, certain keys were also brought forth; a great door, which had all this time remained hermetically sealed, and on the inner side of which we had made sundry ineffectual attempts to instal ourselves, was now thrown open, exhibiting a broad, if not handsome, staircase, and giving promise of a refuge which should not be, that never-sufficiently-to-be-anathematized kitchen, until then the only chamber of our acquaintance in this inhospitable "hostel."

Up we marched accordingly, and many long corridors and stone galleries did we traverse, passing doors that must have opened into rooms enough for the lodging of a regiment, and finding to our amaze that the building, of which we

* Gentry—or masters—the usual phrase for employers, or the superior classes generally.

had not opportunity to remark the extent, as we entered in the darkness, was one of vast size, and by no means slight pretensions.

Much patience brought us at length to our chamber; an equal amount of coaxing, with assurances of gratitude to be felt thereafter, and expressions of pity for her manifest fatigue, then and there bestowed, induced the harassed mistress, a young, very pretty, and even delicate-looking woman, to promise that if we would be good and wait peaceably, like well-behaved people as we ought to be, she would try what could be done as to giving us supper; but this promise was qualified by the assurance that we need not hope for much, seeing that the pair of hands she extended, plump and well-formed hands they were, were already too heavily burthened, before we had come to add to the mischief.

All this was set forth in the sweetest of tones, and without the slightest touch of incivility; on the contrary, it was the simple expression of the fact, and an appeal from one housewife to the housewifely sympathies of another.

Neither was it made in vain. So heartily did the poor good thing pity herself for our

intrusion, that I could not choose but pity her too; and my companion found so much satisfaction in the pleasing looks of our colloquist, that though taking small part in the conversation, he uttered no expression of dissent.

This somewhat unusual fashion of receiving guests at an inn, where if ever "the more the merrier" is aye your word, was caused by the day being a great festival, as I said before and the house was literally crammed with the people of the district, although there were no travellers but ourselves: that part of the building into which we had now penetrated, and which was appropriated to the "Herrschaft," had not yet been opened for the season, and was entirely without a tenant.

Nor was the doubt and difficulty expressed in regard to supper a mere figure of speech, as, after long waiting, we discovered to our cost. Many times did I, your poor servant, whose patience is not of so enduring a fabric as were to be desired—many times did I look along the deserted corridor to see if our supplies were forthcoming; but many times also did I get my labour, and nothing better, for my pains.

At length, a very poor apology for a meal did appear. I spare you the *Menu* thereof, although it would not take you long to read; but if you think there has been already more than enough of importance attached to this "mere matter of the mouth," I recommend you to dine, as we did that day, at the good German hour of half-past twelve, and you will then find that by half-past nine at night your supper will have ceased to be so indifferent a question as you now suppose.

Our principal adventure of the following day was the passage over a piece of road whereon we were in imminent danger of our necks, from the actual precipices formed by those pitiless ruts over which the carriage laboured, as over a mountainous sea. I accused friend Yosef of taking us that road, to avenge himself on our unhappy frames for the "mèfait" that we had committed the night before, in summoning him from the dear society of his beloved horses; but Yosef declared that he could take us no other, seeing that there was but one. He added for our comfort, however, with a certain grimace, which was his nearest approach to a smile, that

we should soon be on a road altogether fit for our worships' travelling.

His words were soon verified, and that was fortunate, since the one we were on was so bad, that it must needs be that very piece of which some veritable historian of Bohemia has recorded the ancient demerits, and whereof he hath related the anecdote which follows :—

Under King Svatopluka, I think it was, or Premysl Ottocar himself, perhaps—no matter for the precise period—it is with the fact that we have to do; and the *fact*, as related by our authority, is that the road was then, as now, so bad as to endanger all who dared its perils; yet none dared name the matter to the King, until on a certain day, his jester, when passing over it, with the royal wayfarer, removed the leathern girdle from his waist, and bound his mouth therewith. His master having enquired the cause of that unwonted procedure, the jester replied—"My Lord the King, I am possessed by an inordinate love of talking, as you know, but I dare not speak in these parts, seeing that all who do so, have their teeth shaken out of their heads, and mine are so handsome that I cannot

afford to let them be lost; wherefore I am about to secure them against the indiscretions of my tongue, in the manner you see." That said, he displayed a range of fangs which would have done no discredit to the wolf Hedris; and the King, who could not choose but laugh at the beauty of the prospect thus given to view, issued orders, not that his head should be taken off, as might have happened to another, but that the road should be forthwith made safe for him. Now I do not dispute the giving of these orders —for is not mine historian a veritable one? but I must needs doubt their having been obeyed, since the road could scarcely be in its present plight, had they met with due observance.

CHAPTER XIII.

The City of the Martyrs—Prague of the Hundred Towers —First view of the city—Loretanska Platz—Terrace of the Hradshin—Green heights of the Lorenziberg—Monastery of Strahow — The Veltava — The old bridge—Bridge-towers—Peculiar roofs—St. John Nepomucene, the patron saint of Bohemia—Vigil of his festival—Rush of pilgrims—Chant of the litanies —Scenes around the statue of the saint—A night with the pilgrims—Legend of the saint as now told in Bohemia—The stars of St. John—Miraculous preservation of his tongue—Religious movement at home—What chanced in Bohemia during the sixteenth century.

ENTERING Prague, as we did by the Carlsbad road, you do not see the city until you have fairly passed through its gate; but when, crossing the Loretanska Platz, your carriage is stopped

on the terrace of the Hradshin to have the wheels locked, for the frightfully precipitous descent to the bridge, you have such a view presented to your eyes as fully justifies the appellation bestowed on this beautiful "Praha," by one of her own most loving sons—"Fair City of the Hundred Towers"—and such indeed she is. Towers so peculiar, too! not the tall, square mass, more or less elevated, more or less imposing, with which we are familiarized by so many examples—nor yet the graceful spire, one single specimen of which so often makes the glory of a town, although there are not wanting instances of both in this beautiful Prague. No, these are towers altogether unlike anything but themselves, and most resembling those domes and minarets which crown the mosques and other edifices of an eastern city; nor do I know any European capital which can, in that respect, be compared to this fair metropolis of Bohemia.

The Moldau, or, as the Bohemian has it, the Veltava, with its old stone bridge, of rich historic memories; and the light aerial structure of wires, which has been thrown across it in our

own day, adds much to the beauty of the scene, as it glitters in the sunshine far below; nor can you often rest your eyes, in the midst of a crowded city, on so brightly green a hill as is that of the Lorenziberg, which you here have immediately before you, as you stand on the terrace of the Hradshin. That imposing eminence, now delicately robed, from base to summit, in the soft foliage of spring, is also worthily adorned by majestic towers—those of the Dominican monastery of Strahow, namely, and of the church of St. Lorenz; the latter giving its name to the hill, with which we hope soon to make a closer acquaintance.

We have had the good fortune to reach Prague some few days before the vigil of St. John—St. John Nepomuk, that is, one of the patron saints of Bohemia, whose festival is solemnized yearly on the sixteenth of May, which will be to-morrow. Meanwhile, the town is already filled with pilgrims, bodies of whom, some numbering several hundred persons, are continually passing beneath our windows.

Many of these poor creatures are said to come from vast distances, and the foot-sore appear-

ance of not a few among them confirms the truth of this assertion. Women predominate greatly, although the men also count by hundreds, as may well be, when the total of one year's arrivals is affirmed to have more than once reached eighty, and even ninety thousand. Each body of pilgrims is headed by a select few, bearing banners and crucifixes; these men also lead the voices of their brethren in the litanies, which they all chaunt, as they pass through the streets of the towns and cities on their way.—The sound is rising in the distance at this moment—soft and very touching is that concord of voices, as I now hear it, nor will it be otherwise than pleasing even when quite near; for the Bohemians, who are the best musicians in Germany, where all understand music well, keep perfect time in their chaunt, which their numbers, and the true feeling they give to it, render infinitely solemn and beautiful. Their banner-bearers are just come into view, and I must leave you, to look at and listen to them.

A really curious spectacle it is, and we take the full enjoyment of it, throwing ourselves half out of the window, and leaning with the most

nonchalant *laisser aller*, on the cushions providently furnished with that intent, to all German houses. This entertainment I have just been giving myself, in a fashion that would shock you utterly, if practised at home — as, indeed, it well might; but here things are different, and no proprieties are offended by our proceedings.

A second, third, fourth, and then a fifth body of pilgrims, succeeded those whose presence I announced to you, and very strange figures many of them present. A stout staff is borne in the hands of most of these wayfarers, men and women alike; but the latter have often heavy burthens on their backs—their own baggage and that of their husbands, sons, or other male relations, most probably, since the men stride along, standing upright, and with unloaded shoulders. Some of the women, old as well as young, have donned their bettermost clothing, and the parcels on their backs are doubtless made up in part of their travelling array. Others, who have perhaps resolved to do penance for some grave mistake, are still wearing the dusty and soiled habiliments of their

journey; many totter along on too evidently tortured feet, insomuch that we suspect the old story of the peas to have been no fable, and are half inclined to think that it must have come into fashion again—if, indeed, it hath ever gone out. Such strange sights are still seen in these popish lands, that their use is by no means so improbable as the untravelled Protestant might suppose. Things are indeed done here, such as those who know Romanism only from what is seen of it in England, would find difficult to believe, on any testimony short of that presented by their own eyes and ears, and for aught we can tell, this practice may prevail among the many others, scarcely less absurd, that we know to be tolerated, nay even commended.

The stone bridge over the Moldau has the usual decoration of the statues of saints on either side—that of St. John Nepomuk in the centre, as a matter of course; but on these occasions, a chapel for the performance of mass is constructed over the figure of that saint. The fabric is profusely adorned with ribbons, flowers, and coloured lamps,—wherein lights are already burning night and day—with the addition

of whatever else may best contribute, according to the popular taste, to the ornamentation of the whole.

To this chapel it is that all these pilgrims are now hastening; many, as we are assured, will pass the night in prayer before the statue, and happy is he who can get within a moderate distance of the same.

No carriages are this day permitted to cross the bridge; their doing so must indeed be attended with extreme danger to the kneeling crowds that occupy the whole space of the roadway. These are so densely packed, that it would be dangerous, as we are told, to attempt the passage to-day; nor do we propose to do so. To-morrow, although that is the actual festival, of which to-day is but the vigil, there will, as all agree, be fewer pilgrims thronging the bridge; and then it will be our turn. There are, besides, other chapels erected in different parts of the city, and among these we can make a round without any very serious inconvenience.

The legend of St John Nepomucene is well known, but there is a degree of reserve main-

tained in speaking of all such legends to strangers in these days, and that for obvious reasons. The belief in such is, nevertheless, not only preserved in all its force among the people, but it is even carefully cultivated by the priests, and those whose office it is to act as teachers of that class, even while they affect to speak with little reverence of them when talking to foreigners, more especially to Protestants like ourselves: they cannot deny the existing belief in these absurdities, but mention them with extreme reluctance; and when named by us, they allude to them very slightly, dropping the subject as soon as possible.

In the Guides, &c. which are published for the use of strangers, you find scarcely any information relating to such matters; and this is no gratuitous assertion—we have seen various instances of the fact, some few of which shall hereafter be cited: what I am now going to say is this—that finding the popular creed and the conversation of the educated classes to be so much at variance on this point, I have taken pains to ascertain what it is that the people are still taught. I do not say what they still be-

lieve, for we know how closely ignorance clings to superstitious observance in all countries, and many are still in use which the Catholic teacher dares not openly to inculcate, even while he tacitly encourages them; but what they are still carefully and sedulously TAUGHT by the ministers of that faith, which certain among ourselves would have us adopt as our own.

Here, then, is a specimen of these teachings, in extracts from "The Five Stars of the Holy Johann of Nepomuk, or Spiritual Mayflowers for the adornment of Pious Hearts," fourth edition, Prague, 1852.

For the better comprehension of this title, I must tell you, that on the bridge, at the point where the saint was thrown over to be drowned by order of the wicked king, Wenceslas, and where the five stars, by the light of which his remains were discovered, miraculously appeared immediately after the descent of his body into the waters, there is a piece of marble laid into the battlement, and on this marble has been placed a cross of brass, surrounded, in perpetual commemoration of the event, by five stars, arranged thus:—

These, then, are the "Five Stars of St. John," and this premised, I proceed to give you the veritable history put forth under that title, the heads of which you shall have—not in my words, which might misrepresent the meaning, perchance—but in those of its author, a Catholic priest; and they shall be given *to the letter*.

Omitting the account of his birth, education, and youth, I come to the characteristics and merits of the Confessor, which were such, that "Johannes shone like a star of the first magnitude, the light of which was at a later period to serve as the ornament of his own head, and to beam around it as the visible crown of his merits." (The figures of St. John Nepomuk are always represented with a halo of five stars round the head.) "But his greatness was most of all conspicuous in the confessional; to him the heart willingly imparted the oppressions wherewith sin had loaded it, and from his lips was received a satisfying relief from the doubts

that harass the soul. Even the upright and good thronged eagerly to his feet, for the practice of confession; since, according to Holy Scripture, the upright man doth himself fail seven times in the day.

"Among these pious penitents was Queen Johanna, wife of King Wenzel (Wenceslas IV.). She also chose Johannes for her confessor, and penitently confided to him those acts wherein she had offended God.

"Then determined Satan of hell to incite the king to jealousy against Johanna, his faithful wife; and he (Satan) led Wenzel to call John, and endeavour to force from him the acknowledgment of what it was that the queen had confessed to him; but John was terrified at so wicked a wish, and remained silent.

"The king pressing him to instant compliance, John gently took up the word and sought to pacify the monarch by just argument, showing him the sacredness of his oath as a confessor, and how, by the slightest infringement of the same, he should become a contemner of God, faithless to his king, and perjured before men.

"Threatened with loss of life by the raging Wenzel, the noble confessor still remained firm, and was cruelly tortured on the rack."

Then follows the prayer, uttered by that without doubt truly pious man, while extended thereon: a touching and beautiful one it is; but I do not mean to reproduce the simple and effective words (which may well move the hearts of those who hold the catholic faith, since they are indeed calculated to affect men of all creeds)—many light things mingle themselves in this talk of mine, and my page is scarcely worthy of those holy breathings, although I am not now thinking or speaking lightly; no matter, I omit this portion of the little book, and pass on.*

* On further consideration, and lest my motives for withholding the passage in question should be misconstrued, I subjoin the prayer, which is as follows:

"Oh God, Thou who hast bestowed invincible power even on the weakest, when they have confided in thy protection and submitted themselves to thy Holy will, in Thee do I put my trust. Thou wilt give me, even me also, strength in the battle, and patience in suffering. To Thee, O Father, do I lift mine eyes, fixing them on thine eternal throne, and exalting my thoughts to that

Unable to shake the firm spirit of his victim, the tyrant loosed at length his tortured frame from the rack, and bade him for that time to depart. The book proceeds to record that—

"To strengthen himself against his approaching death, Johannes went on a pilgrimage to

Heaven where Thou shalt make thy people rich amends for all the sorrow of their present life.

"To Thee, O ever-living Son, where Thou sittest at the right hand of the Father with the crown of our eternal reward in thy hand, wherewith Thou shalt confer perpetual blessedness on thy believers.

"To Thee, O blessed Spirit, Thou Holy Ghost, in whose power I am bold to commence the fight, and in whose support is my hope of victory. Father, Son, and Spirit, I call on each and all."

Then follows a second portion of the prayer, which is as follows:

"Thee also do I invoke, Oh Mary, mother of the Lord! thou Virgin of all Virgins. To thee do I raise mine eyes, O thou potent protectress of the oppressed, with thy power shalt thou overshadow me, and in thy motherly truth and love shalt thou be my shield.

"Ye, likewise, ye angels, and all ye saints of God, let your protection be about me, and bless me."

Rudl. The Five Stars of St. John Nepomucene. Prague, 1852.

Alt Buntzlau,* there to entreat support and consolation from Mary. He returned to Prague with firm confidence in God's aid, and his way led him past the abode of the king.

"Then it chanced that Wenzel, looking out of the window, heard the songs of the pilgrims sounding, and saw the richly numerous crowd of singers, and men in prayer, returning from Buntzlau. In the midst of them he also beheld Johannes, and calling him to his presence, he sternly said: 'Johannes, I ask thee for the last time, wilt thou tell me truly, what the queen hath confessed? If not, then must thou drink water!'

"Johannes saw the king's furious anger; he beheld death and the grave threatening him, and could make no reply, save that conveyed in a look towards heaven, and a deep sigh from the depths of his heart.

"Then was John bound and cast into prison, and when midnight was come, the king, who knew the people's love for the confessor, and feared

* Where St. Wenzel, Duke of Bohemia from 928 to 935, was assassinated by his brother Boleslaw, as will be seen hereafter.

a tumult, caused that man of God to be taken to the bridge and cast into the Moldau, where he died the death by water, in the year 1383.

"Thus the king thought to veil his cruelty in the darkness of night; but Johannes had scarcely touched the waves of the Moldau, before five lights, as clear as stars, were seen to stand over the stream, miraculously enlightening and pointing out the place where the martyr lay. The holy corpse was then taken out of the water, and placed in the church belonging to the Knights of the Cross, but was afterwards taken to that of St. Veit.*

"The miracle of the stars was bruited about in all the city, and soon became known throughout the entire land; the pious instantly thronged to the grave of the martyr, by whose intercession they found acceptance with God, and miracle after miracle took place at his tomb.

"Three hundred years afterwards, when John of Nepomuk was declared a saint, his tongue was found still fresh and undecayed, as it has

* The cathedral, where the relics and tomb now are.

miraculously remained even to the present day; and on great festivals it is shown to the people.

"The tomb of the holy John is now a true Palladium (*sic*). Every part thereof is of pure silver—angels of vast size bear the receptacle of the body, and the saint in his priestly vestments is seen kneeling upon the same, in contemplation of the Cross of Jesus. A heavy canopy of red damask shadows and adorns the whole in the most lordly manner. Two altars, one in front and one behind, not only increase the beauty of the tomb, but serve also as sacrificial tables to the Lord, with whom Johannes von Nepomuk is an intercessor for us. Therefore will we also, if it be not possible to go thither in person, at least in the spirit, kneel on the steps of these grave-altars of the holy John; there, trusting in God and in the intercession of the Saints, will we pray that the five stars of Johannes may light us to heaven."

Then follow the Litanies to St. John, a selection from which we also give, these making a certain portion of the songs which those poor pious creatures, whose deep devotion and pure

sincerity of heart will at least find acceptance, whatever may be the errors of their creed, are chanting even at this moment beneath our windows. Nay, the same thing is now taking place through every town and village, not in Bohemia only, but in all Austria, since pilgrims from all the neighbouring countries, Bavaria, Saxony, and others still farther from the scene of the martyrdom, are now flocking to pay their adorations at this tomb of the saint.

That the memory of great and good men should be held in honour through all times—what can be more just to them, more salutary to ourselves? But let us at least keep within the limits which reason and they themselves—if they were indeed truly great and good—would so certainly have prescribed to us. Whether people who are taught as in these countries, do so—judge ye.

Here follow the Litanies, which are given literally without the change of word or letter, save only such as change of language renders inevitable. They commence with the forms used in our own church, and which I do not reproduce. They then proceed as follows:

Holy Mary, mother of God!

Pray for us.

Holy John of Nepomuk!

Pray for us.

Thou man zealous for God's honour!
Thou beautiful May-flower!
Thou announcer of heavenly truth!
Thou seat of silence!
Thou example of pious faith!
Thou saviour of lost honour!
Thou shield of the innocent!
Thou patron-protector of Bohemia!
Thou apostle of the Church of God!
Thou lover of virtue!
Thou refuge of the poor!
Thou aid of the oppressed!
Thou protector of the deserted!
Thou martyr in the Moldau stream!
Thou ornament of the Prague bridge!
Thou mirror of modesty!
Thou man after God's heart!
Thou beautiful image of truth!
Thou pilgrim to the Holy Land!
Thou worthy intercessor with the most High!
Thou light of the blind!
Thou inspired of the Holy Ghost!
Thou dispenser of Heavenly gifts!
Thou great adorer of Mary!
Thou, our intercessor with God!

Pray for us.

By thy prayers and piety!
Be our patron-protector.
By thy love to God!
Be our patron-protector.
By thy pure soul!
Be our patron-protector.
By thy martyr-death!
Be our patron-protector.
By thy charity to the poor!
Be our patron-protector.

By thy fidelity in faith!
By thy pains on the rack!
By the chaplet of thy merits!
By thy pious life!
By thy great death!
By thy true shepherd's staff!
By thy miracles after death!
By thy victories over the world!
By the truth of thy teachings!
By thy patience in suffering!
By thy favour before God!
Be our *patron-protector.*

Then follows the conclusion of our own Litany, with the Doxology and two hymns, which are very curious specimens, indeed, but mingle much sincerity of purpose with their strange extravagance; yet as they must needs be here considered rather as ridiculous, from their absurdities, than respectable for the intention of

the writer, I will not reproduce them. It is by no means my intention to invite a laugh at the expense of those who think otherwise than ourselves, or to expose to ridicule what so many upright and honest poor creatures are at this moment uttering with such heartfelt devotion. If any suspect me of such a purpose, they do me wrong. I consider the matter much too serious to be trifled with, at any time — but less than ever is it one to be lightly treated now, when the most insidious attempts are being made to bring our own people gradually down to the level of those now kneeling, with such grievously misplaced devotion, before the many hundreds of images which crowd the streets and high-roads of this and other catholic countries.

I know it may be said that the treacherous attack now making in the dark on our national faith cannot possibly succeed; but let us not be too confident of that. An open assault must fail, without doubt, but the danger we have to contend with, is not an open assault; it is not a declared enemy that we have to combat, it is the disguised assailant whose approaches are made in secrecy and silence. Here, too, of all

other places, an over-weening confidence would, indeed, be a stubborn blindness; for what country so zealously Protestant as was once Bohemia? Zealous even to slaying, and that mercilessly, and in a manner ever to be mourned, were the protestants of Bohemia in the earliest days of opposition to the corrupt teachings of Rome. Profoundly attached to their creed did they continue in less stormy times. Yet what have they not now become?—have they not for centuries been the most bigotted slaves of Rome?

Nor did this happen wholly because the Emperors Ferdinand and Maximilian, both pupils of the Jesuits, exterminated the professors of the purer faith with fire and sword: by no means; that violence, however fearful, and however efficient, so far as it went, was but a small part of the true cause of the change; the principal instruments of this change were those teachers, who, not appearing under their own names, insinuated their doctrines, gradually, and by slow processes, into the minds of unconscious children, unsuspecting youth, men lost in ignorance, or weak enthusiastic women; those last ever more to be pitied than blamed for the evil they

produce, when, as at that unhappy time, they are taken for tools to be worked with by the hands of those who have a deeper purpose than they can fathom: these women are indeed almost always assailed by some one of their virtues, and are unsuspectingly led into a path which leads far, far wide of the object which they in their innocence are proposing to assist and promote.

It was not by force, however much of that was used, that the Bohemians were *driven* to Romanism; it was by fraud that they were *beguiled* into it, and by a species of fraud so exactly similar to that now in use among ourselves, that no one who is acquainted with the history of this land, and knows, too, what is now going forward in our own (which last is not *yet* sufficiently understood), can fail to be struck with the resemblance. And if I recur frequently to this subject, forgive me for doing so; it is because I know what the Roman Catholic teachings really do effect, for those whose minds are subjected to the torpor of their influence; and whose feelings are, indeed, indurated, while they seem to be exalted, by the false enthusiasm wherewith those teachings too surely replace the calm of

true devotion. If we know that fires are smouldering concealed beneath the couch of the sleeper, can we call upon him to awake too frequently or too loudly? Surely not. Yet for this time I will say no more, save only a few words from the "Five Stars," in relation to the monument which was erected to the honour of St. John Nepomuk, in the cathedral church of Prague, during the first half of the eighteenth century.

"The pious heart which shall faithfully bear its sorrows to the tomb of the Holy John, and shall there deposit them in the bosom of Mary, kneeling in humble trust before the glorious monument erected, as we have already set forth, to the honour of the saint, shall find the pain of his woes diminish sensibly as he gazes on the kneeling figure of the martyr. Call on Johannes at each of the altars that make so rich a portion of this monument, and doubt not but that the power of the Intercessor shall be made apparent to you, as it hath been to many who, to our own knowledge, have cast themselves in all but despair on the steps of the same, and have risen with the beams of the Five Stars

softly penetrating their previously desolate bosoms, and filling all with peace and comfort."

The description given by the naïf German, of the tomb, which he calls "a True Palladium," is by no means exaggerated. There is, indeed, much more than he has named; a crystal coffin, placed within that of silver, encloses the body of the saint, and in addition to the "Great Angels," bearing the sarcophagus, and which are nearly as large as life; there are, besides, four others, also of pure silver, so placed as to seem floating in the air, and each directing his flight towards one of the four angles of the tomb. The whole is surrounded, moreover, by a circle of silver lamps, which never cease burning, day or night. Garlands of flowers are added on this occasion, as we are told; but the effect of these garlands can scarcely improve the beauty of the tomb, as we think. To-morrow we shall go to see.

CHAPTER XIV.

Wayside crucifixes in Bohemia and Bavaria—Passionate expression of devotees—Matricide—Chapels erecting for festival—Visits to the principal of them—Night-scene in the Square of St. Venceslas—Altar in our own dwelling — Touching aspect of worshippers around it—Sunday in Prague—Barley Bacchus of Bohemia and Bavaria—Earnest zeal of his votaries—Fight in his cause—Great honour to the beer-barrels of Gerstenberg—Double glory to the hop-poles of Mindelheim—Feasting of the pilgrims—Their costume.

In Bohemia and Bavaria large numbers of heavy, ill-executed crucifixes are erected on all the roads, and in every available space of the towns; these are varied by reliefs carved coarsely in wood or stone, and by others in plaster, representing the Saviour as sinking beneath the weight of his

cross. The same subjects prevail here, but they are often in painted tin or cast-iron gilded, and do not look so heavy. The sensibilities of the people seem, according to the opinion of those who provide for them these reminders (if we are not to call them idols, which in fact they are), to need rousing by appeals of great force, since there is an agonized expression given to the face, and an imploring helplessness to the attitude of these figures, which are far from according with the holy resignation attributed by Catholics, no less than by ourselves, to the Saviour of the world. The saints, too, when painted or sculptured as in prayer, are represented in a manner that to us appears forced and exaggerated. Yet it must be admitted that one occasionally sees expressions on the living face, in the Catholic churches, which may go far to justify the road-side artist.

Of this an especial instance was presented to our observation many years since, in the cathedral of St. Stephen, at Vienna. We were standing in a chapel of one of the aisles, when our attention was arrested by the attitude and *action*, so to speak, of a woman who was kneel-

ing at, or rather cast prone before, an altar close beside us. About the middle age, to judge from her figure, for we could not then see her face, she seemed to be, but when we first glanced at her she was bending to the earth with an appearance of prostrate misery, such as we had, at that time never beheld; we drew back a little from the spot which so bitter an agony seemed to render unfit for the intrusion of those who came like ourselves merely to look at the building, but could still hear the low moans which ever and anon proceeded from the lips of the sufferer.

Continuing after a time our round of the chapels which we were examining, our walk again brought us near that where we had left the woman; she was still there, but had now risen to her knees: if, however, her appearance was indicative of great anguish when cast prone to the earth as we had before seen her, still more was it so now. The person was thrown backwards, the head was raised, and the face, which we still did not see, not daring to intrude on so solemn an act of devotion, seemed to have fixed its imploring eyes on the image

of the Virgin (for it was to the Virgin that her prayer was offered), with a pertinacity apparently meant to compel the blessing so earnestly sought. I think the very hardest person in existence must have been awe-struck at the spectacle this woman presented, as she knelt there with her large hands lifted aloft to the utmost length of the arms. The coarse, dark fingers were clasped and pressed together, as though they were wresting by main force from the hands of the giver the grace so imploringly entreated. There are few, I say, who could have refused to take a part in this woman's suffering; for myself, I felt fascinated, and stood regarding her from a suitable distance, with feelings that might be called reverential.

Suddenly she sprang, rather than rose, to her feet, uttering a deep groan as she did so; then turning her face fully round, she came hastily towards the place where we stood.

Such an aspect as was then given to view I had never seen before, and hope never to see again; it was wholly and irredeemably evil. Much need had she for prayer, the unhappy creature! scarcely could we feel surprise at the start-

ling groan she had uttered, even though it was unmistakeably the expression of confirmed despair, without one ray to beam on its darkness. The sound was, in short, such as could only have come from the heart of one who had prayed as she had done, and had felt—most awful to think of—that her prayer was not heard, but rejected. That baleful countenance explained all her agony; it bore the impress of a whole life of crime—not of mere fault or levity, but crime —fearful crime. We could not but recoil and shudder as the hapless woman passed on, but with an instant return of the deepest pity, for what, indeed, is *so* pitiable as crime? You will tell me that I knew, and know nothing of the matter; that the woman may have been the sufferer rather than the actor of wrong, if wrong there were, or that she may have been imploring mercy for the sins of some other, dearer than herself, and so wrestled for it all the more earnestly. Yes, and so I told myself, and tell myself still, for the face of the woman has never departed from my recollection, and I see it now; but these reasonings were, and are, vain; crime only could give such a look as that; and when,

about ten days after, we heard that a woman had been apprehended who was accused of murdering her mother, after a long series of cruelties inflicted on the poor old creature, the personal description of the criminal struck me greatly. She had set fire to the hut they inhabited together, at some distance from the city, first securing the wretched victim therein; circumstances of terrible aggravation enhanced the guilt of the dreadful deed, and I could not persuade myself that the criminal was any other than the woman I had seen in the cathedral.

The few inquiries that we made produced no result, it is true, and my belief never received confirmation; but it scarcely needs any, and I still retain it. Such a history was fully competent to produce such a face, but I scarcely think anything short of it could do so.

Last night we paid visits to several of the many chapels erected all over Prague in honour of the Patron Saint, and to-day we have been to his tomb, with that of others, in the cathedral. The principal of the chapels in question—that on the bridge excepted, which we did not venture to approach, but have reserved for this evening—

is one constructed over an image of St. John, which stands in the Ross Markt, or, as it is now called, the St. Wenzel's Platz.* This fine street, which is of so great a breadth that it may be more correctly described as a large square, was illuminated throughout its whole extent. Pyramids of light, formed by jets of gas innumerable, occupied the centre of the broad roadway, being placed at equal distances therein, and in the middle of all rose a tree of light, formed in like manner by jets of gas, which produced a tolerably good imitation of leaves.

The houses on each side were illuminated by candles, four, six, eight, or ten in each window, as the devotion, or the means of the occupants considered suitable or made convenient. The Horse Market rises gradually from its commencement at the end of the Kolowrats Strasse and the Obel Gasse, until it terminates in one of the city gates, and it was from a platform on the summit of this gate, that we obtained our most effective view of the spectacle, which, as you will readily imagine, was a singular and even beautiful one.

* Ross Markt. Horse Market.

Around the chapel itself knelt a large and dense mass of men, women, and children, all chanting the responses to the litany, given you above, and doing so with an appearance of earnest feeling, which rendered the scene infinitely touching. The pure stars of a clear, soft summer night, mild and balmy, as with us in the end of June, looked down over all, as in approval and acceptance of a worship sincere in itself, however erroneous may be some parts in the creed of the worshippers. You will say that worship offered to the creature is in itself a wrong, nor is it from me that the defence of that act is likely to come. I am here speaking of the heart's prayer, which the people send up; not of the misdirection, for which their teachers alone are answerable. And shall this prayer be lost? It shall not!—its sincerity of purpose shall win for it a merciful acceptance, and not to him who offers it in his simplicity, shall be imputed whatever error may be found therein.

With this consoling conviction we remained long beside these kneeling crowds, whose numbers, as we are told, will not diminish through all

the night, those retiring being perpetually replaced by the pilgrims arriving from other shrines, for it is among their duties to visit as many of the various chapels as the time permits, the more devout employing the entire night in that service.

We remember to have seen the late king of Sardinia—Charles Albert—performing a similar act of his faith in Turin, some few years before his death; with this difference, that the occasion was that of the Assumption of the Virgin, as I think, and the visits of the king were paid, not to chapels temporarily erected in honour of a patron saint, as now in Prague, but to the Seven Churches. This last fact I well remember; but, writing from memory, I may perhaps be not quite accurate as regards the day.

Returning from our visits to the chapels last night, we found that there had been a small one constructed around a figure of St. John Nepomuk, which stands in a niche of the inner court of our own dwelling; and this, like the rest, was surrounded by coloured lamps and other lights, intermingled with flowers and similar decorations, such as those who had adorned the

chapel could procure. And around that work of their hands were these poor honest creatures now assembled, imploring the mercy of their Saint with a solemnity and earnestness profoundly touching, however mistaken the object of their devotion. After a short time, our serving damsel, Lois, came to know if we were likely to require her further attendance; she desiring to go down to the chapel just mentioned, there to "sing and pray a *bissel*" (little bit)—her own words. It may be readily supposed that we offered no hindrance; and her voice was soon after heard mingling with those of her fellow-worshippers already assembled.

FESTIVAL OF ST. JOHN. Sunday, May 16. —The shops in Prague are usually closed on Sundays almost as scrupulously as with ourselves, but to-day presents an exception: not only are all opened, but all are more than usually gay; the most tempting of hats, caps, mantles, &c., have been set forth by the various dealers in those highly-pleasing vanities, to say nothing of jewels, ribbons, or flowers, and altogether leaving out of count the mountainous masses of Würsten (sausages), and other delicacies, by which the

rivers of beer that flow around us, are to be rendered doubly dear and welcome.

Not that this beverage seems ever to need the "foreign grace of ornament." Its beauty, if not "adorned the most" when unadorned, is at least adorned sufficiently for these, its lovers of the Cesky, as well as for those of the neighbouring Bavaria; and solemn are the libations to their barley Bacchus, which these, his faithful votaries, pour.

They are nevertheless orderly and peaceful in their amusements to a remarkable degree, these comfortable Germans: they not only contrast favourably with the rattling Frenchman, and loud Italian, in this respect, but also make us a little ashamed at times for our own dear people of the same class. Yet in the cause of this, their beloved, the never-sufficiently-to-be-lauded BEER, will they quarrel and even fight.

That grief should fill the hearts of all Germany, when the barley harvest fails—this one comprehends, and could weep at that misfortune with them. That they make goodly riots for the same cause, and fill with dread those blameable rulers, who have not taken care to secure

"the wind that blows the barley," that also is sufficiently *en regle*—but to see their general good-humour at their sports, one would hardly expect them to make this universal favourite a cause of quarrel, still less of blows.

Certainly not, but presume to disparage the beauties thereof, and you shall see!

We were once approaching Munich from the west, and were detained by stress of weather at a village wherein few travellers make halt when they can help themselves. It was a festival, and all seemed in the full serenity of enjoyment imparted by that delicious atmosphere, a dense cloud of tobacco smoke; through which, those whose eyes are of the strongest, might distinguish sundry measures of beer, when suddenly there arose the sound of contention, which soon became a mighty uproar, giving token of an imminent fight.

The civil mistress of the inn came running to our apartment, anxiously assuring us that no disturbance could reach ourselves; but she admitted that fighting was inevitable, and seemed to think it justifiable too, although she had thought it right to call in the aid of the law, whose ministers were quickly heard approaching.

It seemed that some wit of the place, the name of which, I think, was Mindelheim, had thought it advisable to upbraid the inhabitant of a neighbouring town (Gerstenberg, perhaps), with the too great devotion of his brethren to the beer-barrel; an accusation which *he* heard very peaceably; but not so his wife, who retorted by remarking that "if the Mindelheimers (I hope I am right in the name) drank less than they of Gerstenberg (Barley Hill), it was because the former had nothing worth drinking; as how should they, when their best recipe for beer was to boil a few bundles of barley straw, and having stirred them up with a hop-pole from Gerstenberg, then to bottle the liquid for use, and to call it "Mindelheim Beer!"

By the Mass! she had fairly thrown the torch amidst the tow, and all Mindelheim was in a blaze! The honour of the place was at stake, and the men of Mindelheim were defending it. So explained our hostess, and she seemed to think them doing no more than their duty; but thence the uproar we had heard, and I think it was almost a solitary instance in our experience. Here, in Prague, no one seems to quarrel with

the work of the brewer, and peace is maintained accordingly.

The costume of the peasants who are moving among the well-stored booths, which now give the cathedral precincts much the appearance of a fair, is varied in slight particulars, but on the whole is much as I described it at Buchau. One of the distinctions that nevertheless do prevail, consists in the colour of the stockings, which is in many cases of a very bright scarlet: the wearers of such, who come from Pilsen, endure none but excessively short petticoats in consequence, that the glory of the stocking may not be unduly obscured.

Many add to these magnificent stockings, green shoes of a coarse woollen fabric, but sufficiently brilliant in colour; and when with these they have a blue jacket, over a crimson, brown, or purple skirt, with an orange-coloured coif to crown all, the effect leaves nothing to be desired on the score of variety, let the Parisian milliner toss her disdainful head as she may.

Thickly-quilted spencers are also much in favour with the good peasant women of the neighbouring villages, who appear to have in-

herited the same from their grandmothers. Now I admit all the consideration due to so respectable an origin, but cannot cordially approve the dress in so warm a day of May as this; were the month December instead, this spencer would be unexceptionable, more especially if it did not so grievously deform the wearer.

We find it impossible to enter the Cathedral as yet, or indeed any of the churches and chapels, of which there are several in its vicinity. The crowds are too dense, and we must defer our visit to another day, but the relics will remain exposed to view for rather more than a week, during which there is to be a *Neuvain* performed in honour of St. John. We are therefore entirely reconciled to the delay, finding sufficient occupation for our morning on the outside of the cathedral, and in rambling among the variously furnished booths, by which the spacious courts surrounding the edifice are so thickly covered, as to be themselves half concealed.

CHAPTER XV.

Cathedral—Terrace before it—Aspect of Prague, as seen from the Terrace—The Moldau—Teyn Church, scene of the labours of John Huss—Schwartzenberg Palace—Hradschin—Premonstratensian Monastery—Maltese church—St. Nicholas—The Jesuits' church—Cloister of St. Thomas—Tomb of the Englishwoman, Johanna Weston—Prevalence of deformity in Prague—Probable causes of that effect—Beauty of Children—Moustache and its influence—Fortress-like defences of Bohemian dwellings—Middle-age aspect of houses—Carriages in Prague—The Martyr St. Venceslas—The Princess Drahomira—Effects of Hussite wars—Siege by Frederick of Prussia—The martyr St. Adalbert.

THIS morning we again repaired to the cathedral—and very curious indeed was the scene that presented itself in all the approaches to the building.

Ranges of booths, well filled with such things as most attract the populace, are placed around and across each street and every square of the "Klein-Seite," in which division of the city it is that the cathedral stands.

To gain this district we have to cross the bridge, and in doing so were witness to that devotion of the pilgrims which had been previously described by our friends here. Not for one moment did the Five Stars on the parapet remain untouched by the lips of the devotees; one head did but rise that another might bend down to take its place, and there were always many waiting their turn, and praying devoutly as they stood by the place, which numbers among them had perhaps spent their all to attain. No man, no woman, and no child, of whatever rank, passed the stars without a reverential salutation; all crossed themselves, and the men, even of those who did not pause and were but passing, walked by with uncovered heads—notwithstanding the great heat of the sun—as they did when they came to the temporary chapel which occupies the centre of the bridge, and where service is proceeding continually.

In the cathedral itself also, mass is sung at every instant in one or other of the chapels, but yet more solemnly is it performed around the tomb, which we found to be adorned with flowers, &c., as had been described to us; but these are not in the form of garlands, they are placed in large, full, massive festoons, proceeding from angle to angle of all four sides of the sarcophagus.

Never have we seen festoons of flowers and foliage so perfectly beautiful as those which hung, as I have said, from angle to angle of the rich silver sarcophagus—luxuriant in form, and most radiant in colour, nothing better could be desired, except that they should be placed elsewhere.

The tomb itself, with its permanent accessories, the gorgeous canopy, hovering angels, and lamps before-mentioned — exhibits all that beauty of general effect, which is inseparable from the material, and is besides sufficiently well executed to merit approval as silversmith's work of fair average quality; but it is entirely destitute of pretension to the delicacy of a finished work of art. There are scenes from the life of the saint represented in relief on four plates of silver, be-

neath the sarcophagus, but these the press of pilgrims has not allowed us to examine to-day, we have left them for some one of the visits which we promise ourselves often to make to the building, during our stay at Prague.

The situation of the Bohemian metropolis is singularly fine; we know few cities that surpass it in this respect, although we cannot speak of Prague as the paradise it is sometimes called; we are indeed particularly desirous of avoiding all exaggeration in description, remembering the frequent disappointment we have ourselves experienced from the discrepancy between the rapturous description of the traveller, and the aspect of the town portrayed—we say town, because these discords take place less frequently as regards the country than the city — Vienna, Grätz, and even Salzburg, are cases in point. How much we expected, and were justified in expecting—were it only by your eloquent pages, oh ————————!—and how little, comparatively speaking, we found, is a thing not to be forgotten, and warns us to avoid emphatic expressions as much as may be.

The situation of Prague, however, is such as

to warrant the repeated declaration that it is extremely fine; bold hills, up which the buildings rise, on one side, and gentle slopes, permitting you to see all to the best advantage on the other, enable the city to display her best beauties in a manner highly favourable to their exhibition. These consist principally in the almost endless variety of tower, turret, dome, spire, and minaret, by which not only the churches, but many other of the public buildings are crowned. Minutely to describe these aerial erections, would demand a volume; to say nothing of the mortifying fact, that we have no great opinion of our descriptive powers, and would rather not undertake the office. We will therefore only indicate the principal features of the singularly beautiful spectacle presented by these peculiar and fanciful structures.

Premising that the broad stream of the Moldau — about half the width, perhaps, of the Thames at London bridge—passes through the plain, or rather basin, within which the level portion of the city is built; you may suppose yourself to be standing on one of the bold heights which rise from the left bank of the

river, and you have then before you such an assemblage of these beautiful edifices, as will scarcely be found in any other European capital with which we are acquainted.

Conspicuous among them are the lofty towers of the Teyn church — a building of varied memories, that of John Huss predominating. Small turrets rise from the angles of the towers; each of the latter has a spire, composed of eight planes, in its centre, and from four out of the eight, spring slender spiral shafts: the numerous points, presented by all, are profusely adorned with glittering balls, crosses, and stars of gilded iron, gleaming brightly in the sunshine, which here, and at this season, rarely fails to add its life-giving touch to the landscape.

If you now descend the height, cross the bridge, proceed through the city, and take your place on the gentler slopes that rise on its opposite quarter, you have the vast structure of the Hradshin, and the Cathedral with its flying buttresses, through and between which comes the red glow of the evening sky, betraying all the ravages committed by war and religious fanaticism: this church, like so many others,

having been a grievous sufferer by that iconoclastic fury whereby the first periods of the Reformation were disgraced.

Passing from these along the Moorish front of the Schwartzenburg Palace, a vast pile which continues the line of the Hradshin, your eye falls on the convent of Strahow, with its dome and turrets, or rests with even more complacency on the fine heights of the Lorenziberg; these are now clothed with the richest green from the base to the summit, and are also adorned with the never-failing towers, those of the Premonstratensian Monastery, and the church of Strahow, namely; with others crowning a small church dedicated to St. Lawrence, also rising on the same height, of which these buildings occupy the highest point.

Lower down, we find the dome and towers of St. Nicholas, the Jesuits' church, and one of the finest in Prague, with those of the church of St. Thomas, within whose cloisters our own countrywoman, the learned Johanna Weston, whose name, I am ashamed to say, was here made known to me for the first time, lies buried.

Farther to the left are the still more remarkable towers of the bridge gates, witness to many

a terrible struggle; with the pointed roofs of the Maltese church, Santa Maria ad Vincula, so called from a ditch and strong iron chains whereby the building, a priory of the Knights of Malta, founded by Voladislas the Second, in 1156, was surrounded, for its greater security, in 1253, by order of the monarch then reigning, Premysl Ottocar the Second.

A very small part only do these form of the many spires and domes, attracting and fixing the gaze from either of these opposite points; but a mere list of names would but weary your attention, although the spectacle presented by these numerous structures, many of which are eminently beautiful, and all remarkable from their antiquity, and the histories connected with them, is one to which few could feel indifferent.

The two bridges crossing the Moldau, have already been alluded to; and they greatly add to the magnificence and interest of the general effect, as do the handsome buildings erected within the last ten years on the line of quays between the two bridges. This, which is called the Franzensquai, forms a singularly pleasant promenade, along which your servants, now be-

come old denizens of Prague, do ofttimes make their evening walk, after returning from those more distant expeditions which make what people are pleased to call the "work of the traveller."

Hard work enough it is too, sometimes, as most of you can testify—but then the recollections!—and then the anticipations of other journeys! and then those other delightful labours, equally well repaid, in other scenes!

It is a comfortable thing to be pitied, when it does not affront one's pride too much, and so one bemoans oneself "whiles" over these, one's self-imposed labours; yet ever commend me to the life of the traveller: one should at least journey once, out of every five years of one's lifetime; a year or so out, and then a gladsome return home again. No banishment of half a century!—no! that might chance to turn us into old folks, if too often repeated—but your flying visit to far-away lands, does but make you more than ever love your own; wherefore travel, brothers, travel! it is a counsel that you will not repent of taking.

We remark a large proportion of deformity in

this, as well as other towns of Bohemia, and think that evil must needs be attributable to the practice of swathing the poor infants as they do—the rather as we have observed a similar result in other countries where that system obtains. Here it becomes all the more conspicuous, from the fact that such of the people as are not subjected to, or have escaped the apparently frequent consequence of, this unnatural treatment, are remarkably well grown.

Our English children are much admired on the continent; but I must needs say that the numbers of very lovely children I daily see here, convince me the Bohemian mothers have nothing to envy us in this respect. The brilliant red and white of an English child's complexion may sometimes be wanting, but there is a clear delicacy of colour, (giving no indication of ill-health), a sweet, calm, and often highly intelligent expression of face, and a grace of movement, in the little Bohemians, which make me often repay in kind, to these our present neighbours, that admiration of our English children to which I have before alluded.

If it be asked how does this agree with what

has just been said of the numerous deformities, the answer is obvious. That misfortune, though grievously frequent, is, of course, still the exception, and but an accident; as a rule, the children are beautiful. The women by consequence are for the most part of very pleasing appearance—many of them are indeed exceedingly lovely; and the men also, might be admitted to have a fair average share of good looks—the rather as the yellow hair, so prevalent in many parts of Germany, is here less frequent—the men I say, might also be called well-looking, were it not for their abominable *moustache;* but this—curling upwards in some, hanging downwards in others, bristling amiss in every case, and hideously frightful in all—is so grave an offence, as to keep one in perpetual ill-humour with them, so far as mere looks are in question. And this is a pity; for their manners are courteous, their dispositions appear to be kindly, they are far from being uncultivated in mind, and were it not for those unpardonable moustachios, they would really not be worse than men usually are, nor more insufferable than their brethren of other lands are wont to be; but as it is, they remind one continually

of Madame de Sevigné's complaint (was it not Madame de Sevigné ?), respecting some gentleman of her acquaintance; namely, that "he abused the privilege which men have of being ugly." These Bohemians certainly so offend *in re* "moustache;" and fancy the effect of a whole township—not a small one either—taking it upon itself to do that! One pities one's eyes that must look at these offenders; and last night, being in the Sophien Insel, and taking our coffee under the trees—as becometh old inhabitants of the place—we had turned our own away in disgusted weariness from the wilfully-spoiled faces crowding past, when behold! they found before them, a clean well-shaved upper lip, with the fair expression that nature meant it to have.

Much restored and comforted by this appearance, we permitted ourselves to fix a longer gaze on the goodly sight than one usually takes at a stranger, but the possessor of the unspoiled mouth did not catch us "in the manner," so there was no propriety offended. He passed, as all things pleasant must pass; and as he did so, a single word of the dear mother-tongue revealed the truth. Our friend and his good taste were

English! the only two, most probably, in all the garden, ourselves excepted; for the great migration annually made by our country-people into every quarter of Europe, has scarcely yet well commenced. No travellers have as yet penetrated so far this year; a circumstance which, much as we love our land and its ways, we have not greatly grieved over.

Few persons visit old German towns, without remarking the middle-age aspect given to the houses by the strong iron gratings which cover all the lower windows: they are sometimes exceedingly handsome, and almost always very massive, if not of rich workmanship—but they ever suggest ideas of violence and insecurity. Not a few of the older houses have beside their staircases secured at the foot, and others even at each landing-place, in the same manner; by strong iron doors or gratings namely, as was customary in the towns of Italy during the stormy times of the Italian republics: many instances of the practice may indeed be still seen in certain cities of Northern as well as Southern Italy at the present time.

Here, to judge from what we are told by

families resident in the city, these defences have not been altogether uncalled for, even in our own day. During a certain portion of the ill-used—I mean ill-spent—year 1848, for example, all who had these barriers were very glad to avail themselves of such security as they afforded. Many scenes of violence are said to have taken place, but the facts are of too recent occurrence for present discussion;* the painful consequences of some among them are besides but too far from being at an end, and we find the subject touched on with so much diffidence, that we cannot feel at liberty to repeat the instances related, but might otherwise enrich our pages at this point with many stories of considerable interest.

We have seen few continental cities wherein the family carriages, used by the inhabitants, so nearly approach our own, in the propriety of their appearance, as do those of Prague. The horses are good, the servants are well appointed, and the equipage is in fair order, at all points.

Even the carriages standing for hire in the streets, are less disreputable-looking, on the

* This was the case at the time, the year 1852, namely.

whole, than those vehicles are mostly found to be; and, what is more important still, they have less miserable-looking horses in them. But I would there were some means discovered for persuading the proprietors that washing the outside of a coach is not injurious to its health; this, however, is an operation which they do not seem to think of performing.

It is true that we did once see a man dusting his carriage; but while we were marvelling at what could make him do it in the gingerly fashion he had adopted—slightly touching a place here and there, and then flying off, as if the rag he held were burning his fingers—we received a solution of the mystery, which you would be very far from guessing; nor would it have occurred to ourselves, had we not received ocular demonstration of the fact. The one dingy substitute for all that the operator should have had in the way of tools for such a work, turned out to be the good man's pocket-handkerchief! as we were informed by seeing him put it to its legitimate use, so soon as he had released it from the supplementary occupation above described: it was therefore no wonder that he

should use it tenderly when applied as hath been related; nor was his doing so much to be regretted. Since that time, which was but two days since, I have been more tolerant of the dust that a *Prager Fiaker* * usually adds to the rest of its load.

We found it impossible to enter the cathedral on the festival of St. John, as I told you; but have been there several times since, and have examined the tomb of the saint at our leisure; with that of St. Wenzel, that of the Emperor Rudolph, and others, also to be found in the church.

The reliefs which adorn the lower part of the sarcophagus containing the remains of St. John Nepomuk, represent that saint, first, as under the hands of the tormentors in his prison, he is stretched on the cords of an atrocious machine, whereby the sufferer is suspended with his whole weight hanging on his wrists, around which the ropes are fastened: executioners are at the same time tearing the flesh of the martyr, with red-hot pincers. He is next seen cast

* So do the the Germans call the hackney coaches of Prague.

into the river; in this relief the body is in the act of being removed from the waters by those who first discovered it, and who, according to the tradition, then placed it in the church belonging to the Knights of the Cross, whence it was afterwards transported to that of St. Veit, or the cathedral.

The tongue of Saint John Nepomuk is not in this tomb, but in a case placed over the altar of St. Wenzel's chapel, where we beheld the people kneeling before it in large numbers. They were also eagerly kissing a large bronze ring, fixed on the door of the chapel, and the history of which you shall presently hear. One woman rubbed her face on it with great zeal; the poor creature had doubtless some pain of which she hoped to free herself by means of the relic, which is held in great esteem; having been grasped by the saint to whom the chapel is dedicated, when resigning his spirit beneath the daggers of his assassins, set on him by his wicked brother: hence then the reverence paid to this ring.

The history of St. Wenzel, or Venceslas, is an exceedingly melancholy one. He was the elder

of two sons born to Duke Wratislas, who left him, with his brother, Boleslav, to the care of their mother, Drahomira; but the latter appears to have been a woman altogether unworthy of the trust. The gentle disposition of Wenzel, his piety, hatred of war, and desire to promote the arts of peace, were stigmatized as cowardice in those fierce and warlike ages; while the ambition of Boleslav, by whom the sceptre of his brother had long been coveted, is said to have been favoured by the mother of both princes. Drahomira is even accused of having been privy to the murderous intentions of Boleslav, when, inviting the unsuspecting Wenzel to a conference and festival at Alt Buntzlau, he there caused him to be assassinated.

It may be hoped that Drahomira was not criminal to this extent; but the popular faith, accepting the crime as proved, has subjected her memory to the decrees of that inexorable justice which ever distinguishes the judgment of the people.

According to the current legend, then, Drahomira, after a succession of sufferings, such as a vivid imagination alone could invent, but

which no human force could have sustained, still remained impenitent.

One morning, the Princess was in the act of menacing, with the immediate and fearful punishment of being buried alive, a conscientious priest who had ventured to reprove her; she was crossing the space before what is now the Church of our Lady of Loretto, and was exclaiming to her myrmidons, "Bury him—let the earth instantly hide from my sight the man who has dared to offend Drahomira," when the ground beneath her feet cleft in twain, and the miserable woman herself descended into the depths, leaving no trace of her existence but the memory of her crimes.

Such, according to the legend, which bears the manifest impress of its apocryphal origin, was the end of the Bohemian princess, Drahomira.

The walls of the Wenzel chapel, a very large one, are adorned with frescoes, some of which, representing events in the life of the Saviour, are attributed to the German painter, Niklas Wurmser; these belong to the fourteenth century; others, the subjects of which are taken from the history of St. Wenzel, are of the sixteenth century, and have less merit. They

are all framed in Bohemian marbles and precious stones, jaspers, amethysts, &c., set on a gilded ground; many of these stones bear a very high polish.

The body of the saint is deposited in this chapel, as are his armour and sword; there is, besides, a bronze statue of St. Wenzel, nearly the size of life; and this, according to a German authority, was placed there to commemorate a victory obtained "by the beer-brewers of Prague over a raging horde of Hussites, who had already commenced the destruction of the cathedral." They did unhappily commit fearful ravages therein. The fact is not to be denied.

The same writer—a Bohemian, but using the German tongue—informs us, that during the short rule of the incapable Winter-King (so do Catholic authors contemptuously call the Elector Palatine, Frederick V.), "all the statues, pictures, and relics—those only excepted which the piety of the faithful had concealed—were cast forth from the church, the walls of which were whitewashed, and the sacred edifice turned into"—what this writer irreverently calls, "a bald and wretched-looking Reformed Pray-house."

There is a curious old oak carving in the Cathedral, put up in commemoration of this misfortune, which was by no means to be the last that the building was destined to sustain. When Frederick of Prussia besieged the city, in 1757, the church received hundreds of balls, many of them red hot. The fine organ given by Ferdinand I. was burnt, and such injuries inflicted as have never been fully repaired. One of these balls may be seen hanging up behind the high altar.

Another greatly-valued treasure of this cathedral is what Catholics call a *Vera Icon*—the True Image of Christ, as imprinted on the kerchief presented to him by Santa Veronica, on his way to his crucifixion, that is—and returned to her with his own hand, having an exact portrait of the sacred face impressed thereon. This head of the Saviour is considered to be a fine specimen of Byzantine painting; it is appended to one of the piers of the north aisle, and will be found near the chapel of St. Sigismund.

Within that chapel is the lower part of a candlestick, which is affirmed to be one of those used in Solomon's Temple. Few believe that

assertion; but among the versions current respecting the origin of the fragment, which is doubtless also of Byzantine workmanship, is this:—that it was brought by the Bohemians from Milan in 1162, after Frederick Barbarossa had destroyed that city: the lower part was added by the Archduke Leopold, in 1641.

But the first thing which attracts the attention on entering the Cathedral of Prague, by the western extremity, is the tomb of the Emperor Rudolph, constructed by that monarch, not for himself only, but for many other royal personages. The material is white marble, and the work is by Colin of Mechlin, but is so greatly inferior, not only to the magnificent tomb of the Emperor Maximilian at Innspruch, but to all the other works of that artist with which we are acquainted, as to make us feel a sense of regret whenever we look at it. That excellent friend of Bohemia, the Emperor Charles IV., with his four wives, reposes here; as does the wicked king, Wenzel IV., and other great personages; while in the neighbouring chapels and side aisles are many other tombs and monuments to numerous leaders and rulers

of Bohemia; they are of considerable interest to him who examines them in person, but with the mere names of them you would perhaps not greatly care to be made acquainted.

The pictures in this church are not of great merit—that of the high altar, which is a Triptica, excepted — of this, the centre, which exhibits St. Luke painting a likeness of the Virgin, is by Bernard Von Orlay: the lateral compartments are attributed to Michael Coxie. Behind the altar is a statue in marble of St. Ludmilla, the grandmother of St. Wenzel, a modern work. There are some curious old carvings in oak suspended against the wall near the tomb of St. John Nepomuk. They represent the devastations committed by the fanatical Hussites, or by those who assumed that name as a pretext for deeds of violence and wrong: although very rudely executed, they have considerable spirit, and give a lively representation of the subject depicted.

On the southern wall of the cathedral, outside the building, is a large mosaic, a work of the fourteenth century, executed by order of the Emperor Charles IV. The subject is the Last

Judgment: our Saviour Christ is seen in the upper part, surrounded by angels; the patron saints of Bohemia, with Charles and his Empress Elizabeth, are below. This mosaic was long concealed beneath a coat of whitewash; but, in the year 1836, was cleaned and partially restored; it has, however, been much injured by the influence of the seasons, and is in parts almost unintelligible.

On the open space before the cathedral, stands the chapel of St. Adalbert, Bishop of Prague. He received the crown of martyrdom while attempting the conversion of the heathen Prussians in the year 997, and having been put to death by them on the twenty-third of April in that year, was first buried at Gnesen; but his remains were transported to Prague half a century later, and the chapel here in question was eventually erected over the place of their deposit by the Emperor Ferdinand I.

CHAPTER XVI.

Early chroniclers of Bohemia—Rapid glance at their legendary narrations—The Princess Libussa—The Peasant-Lord Premysl—Subsequent history of Bohemia—Santa Ludomilla—The Princess Dubraska—Fist-law (Faust-recht)—Wise ordinances of King Ottokar II.—Treachery of Rudolph of Hapsburg—Sorrowful days in Bohemia—Otho of Brandenburg—Wenzel II.—Wenzel, or Venceslas III., the last of the race of Premysl—Henry of Carinthia made King—John of Luxemburg—John dies at Crecy—Emperor Charles IV.—He founds the University—Venceslas or Wenzel IV.—St. John Nepomucene—Emperor Sigismund—John Huss—Jerome of Prague—Sigismund's "safe conduct"—Utraquist controversy—The Calixtine leaders—John Zisca—The Taborites—Close of the Hussite wars—Slight glance at subsequent events—Modern history—Emperor Leopold—Napoleon Buonaparte—The Emperor of Germany resigns that title—General war—Did England take no part?—How Bohemian youth are taught history.

THE chroniclers of Bohemia do not refuse them-

selves the pride and glory, such as it is, of carrying her annals into the highest regions of antiquity; but to that distance the patience of an idler, such as myself, could not be made to reach, and I content myself, for the most part, with joining them much lower down. Yet if you care to see what they say, you shall at least have some few of their words, as their own writers have told the tale.

"Our beautiful native land of Ceská," thus it is that they commence, "which foreign nations call Bohemia, received the last-mentioned name from the Bojen, a people of Celtic race, by whom the first inhabitants, a Sclavish nation, were attacked and overcome. These Bojen were in their turn conquered by Marbad, a Prince of Marcomania, who was driven from the land, after twenty-one years of occupation, by Kattwald; but he also was expelled after a stormy period of long duration, during which the towns built by the Bojen were all destroyed, and the whole land was laid waste. When the Sclaves, who dwelt beyond the Carpathians, beheld this, they fell upon the territory of the Marcomanians, which they conquered. Their leader was Cech, a brave warrior, who

likewise subjugated Moravia and a part of Hungary; from him it is that our people call themselves Cechové, and that the country which strangers persist in calling Bohemia, is, in our own speech,* named the land of Ceskà.

"Bold were our fathers and strong in the battle, yet did they love peace better than strife; they tilled the field, and increased the herds of their cattle. They knew how to work in iron also, and had the secret of winning gold from the deep places of its birth. They were hospitable to the stranger who presented himself, not as a foe, but as a guest; and even to the prisoner taken in war, they were mild and friendly.

"At the first, our fathers worshipped one sole God, the ruler both of heaven and earth, whose name was Peruna. But from various heathen nations they learned to acknowledge other gods. They also believed the souls of men to be immortal, and their priests were acquainted with the written tongues, as well as with other sciences.

* The present writer, not being acquainted with the Bohemian tongue, takes these narrations from a literal German translation.

"Of what befel our nation in those early times we know but little, save that a wild people, called the Avarové, fell upon the land, and cruelly oppressed the dwellers thereof. But when the Cechové could no longer endure these tyrants, they set themselves mightily to oppose them; and, led on by the brave and wise Samo, they drove the Avarové from the land.

"Then all who dwelt in Bohemia, seeing the gain to be made from the unity of the people under one head, chose their leader Samo for their king. Others of the Sclave race also willingly placed themselves beneath his guidance, and he became their ruler. This happened in the year 627.

"When Samo died, the Sclavish race again divided itself into several principalities, and Korok, who had his seat on the Vysegrad (a fortress still existing outside Prague, of which more hereafter), was then ruler in the land of the Cechové.* Korok had three daughters, Kasa, Teta, and Libussa; and after the death of their father, Libussa held sway over the land; but the

* Chechy, Ceskou, Chechach, or Cechové, according to the case.

Vladika soon advised her to take a husband, and Libussa chose Premysl, the Lord of Stadisk.

"Libussa and Premysl ruled happily in Ceskeà. They put forth the first laws by which the whole land was governed.

"After Premysl came many rulers, of whom the names only are known.

"Now, in those days, the empire of the Franks extended beyond that of any Christian people, and their king, Charles the Great, would fain have subjected the whole world to his sway. He sent vast armies to Bohemia; and as the Bohemians knew not of his purpose till it was too late to gather a force sufficient to resist him, they were overcome by the enemy for that time. But the next year, when the foe returned, our fathers were ready for the fight; the invaders were therefore conquered, and the Cechové drove them forth with great loss.

"From that time the land of the Cechové was suffered to remain in peace.

"About the same period it was that the Moravians also began to increase in might; they had separated themselves from the Bohemians on the death of Samo, and had since subjected

broad regions to their rule. Mojimir was their leader, and he became a Christian, receiving the rite of Holy Baptism, with many thousands of his subjects, as did large numbers of the Bohemians also, who were baptized at Regensburg (Ratisbon), in Bavaria.

"This happened in the year 845.

"Now Ludwig, lord of the Germans, envied Mojimir of Moravia for his great power and might; he passed into Moravia, therefore, with a very large army, and placed Rastislav on the seat of power in the room of Mojimir. On his return, Ludwig took his army through Bohemia, which so much offended the Bohemian Prince Hostiwit, that he fell on the Germans, and defeated them utterly. From this cause there rose a long war, in which the Bohemians were completely victorious.

"There then lived in Thessalonica two brothers called Cyril and Methodius, who were well skilled in the Greek, Sclavish, and other tongues. By them the Christian faith was promulgated among the Sclavish tribes on the Danube. They first invented new letters, by which the Sclavish language could be written; then they translated the Holy Scriptures into the Sclavish tongue.

"When this was told to Rastislav, the Prince of the Moravians, he sent messengers to the Greek Emperor Michael, requesting that certain Sclavish priests might be despatched to him; and the emperor sent Cyril and Methodius themselves, by whom the whole people were converted to the Christian faith.

"After these things, the Moravian kingdom attained to great power and influence under the rule of Swatopluk, and the Bohemians were also under his protection. He took a wife from the race of Premysl, and out of his friendship for Swatopluk, the Bohemian prince, Borivoi, with his wife Ludmilla, received the rite of baptism, as did many other Bohemians. The service of God was then celebrated in the Sclavish tongue; but after a time, the Latin came into use for that purpose.

"Then rose the Magyars, and put an end to the great Moravian kingdom, founding the present kingdom of Hungary, and subjecting the greater part of the Sclavish people to their yoke. But a part of the country thus divided fell to the Bohemians, and remained united with the land of the Cechové.

"In those days were our fathers in an evil condition, and had for some time a very difficult seat, seeing that they had the Germans for neighbours on the one side, and the Magyars on the other; wherefore if we remain a people to the present day, it is to the bravery and wisdom of our forefathers that we owe it.

"Then there ruled in Bohemia two brothers, following each other; they were sons of Boriwoi and of the holy saint Ludomilla: the first was Spitihnew, and the second Wratislav, both pious men, and careful to extend the Christian religion throughout the land.

"Now Prince Wratislav had taken to wife the Princess Drahomira, and she had become the mother of two sons, Vaclava (Wenzel) and Boleslas. When Wratislav died, Drahomira ruled the country, because her son Wenzel was as yet but a child. His grandmother Ludomilla reared him in all things good; she taught him to fear God, and to read Sclavish books.

"Ludomilla, being meek and humble, was held in the greatest reverence by the people. She dwelt in close retirement at her strong castle of Tetina; but the proud and ambitious Dra-

homira feared her influence, and sent murderers by whom the holy Ludomilla was strangled, while she was kneeling at her nightly prayer.

"By the obstinacy and ambition of Drahomira, the German King Henry was also more than once offended, and entered Bohemia in arms; but when Vaclav or Wenzel saw this, he, who was then twenty years old, took the government of the Bohemians on himself, and to avoid the shedding of blood, he promised to pay Henry a yearly tribute.

"Prince Wenzel did every thing to the honour of God, and in charity to his neighbours: he built churches in the towns, and invited priests from neighbouring countries; he fed the hungry, and protected the poor. He was hospitable to strangers, and nightly performed works of charity in secresy and humility.

"But these acts, and his submission to the Germans, displeased many of the great people highly; his brother Boleslas also, who was Lord of Altbuntzlaw, reproached him for the same. Once came Wenzel to a feast which his brother had made, and there, on the second day, as he was proceeding to his devotions, he was murdered

before the church door, by assassins placed there for that purpose.

"But Boleslas immediately repented him of the evil he had done, and caused the body of his brother to be interred with great honour, first at Altbuntzlaw, and then in the church of St. Veit (the cathedral), which is in the fortress of Prague.

"A mighty adversary against all his enemies was Boleslas. The Prince of Poland, Mecislaw, sought his friendship, and Boleslas gave him Dubraska his daughter, to wife; by that Princess the Polish ruler was converted to Christianity, with all his people.

"Meanwhile the Christian faith prevailed in Bohemia to such an extent, that although some of the people could not forget their heathen idols, yet before a hundred years, from the first conversion of the land, had passed, the Church of Bohemia was enriched by three great saints—St. Ludomilla, St. Wenzel, and St. Adalbert, namely. The last, one of the seven goodly sons of Slawnick, lord of Sibitci, was martyred in the land of the Pruss, as he was labouring to convert the heathens of that country to the true

faith. These three saints, Ludomilla, Wenzel, and Adalbert, were the first patrons, protectors, and intercessors of our land.

"Under the grandsons of Boleslas, Bohemia fell from her greatness, and not only lost much territory, but suffered many oppressions from the Poles and Germans."

The Chroniclers now gradually lose the quaint simplicity of their narration, and come to periods of history which must here be passed over. A few words may nevertheless be permitted in relation to the truly great king, Ottokar Premysl the Second, elected by the Austrians to be their Duke, even during the life of his father, Vaclav the First. Styria, also, voluntarily subjected herself to his rule, and he became master by inheritance of Carinthia and Carniola. Thus Ottokar the Second reigned in Bohemia, Moravia, Austria, Styria, Carinthia, and Carniola. "He laboured for the conversion of the still heathen Prussians, and many Polish and Silesian princes placed themselves under his rule. Nay, there were even more than one of the Italian towns

that sought the protection of Ottokar. The cruel Tartars called him the Iron King, knowing him principally by the weight of his hand in war; but the Germans named him the King of Gold, for they saw his magnificence, and felt the benefit of his goodness."

Ottokar the Second gave admirable laws, and under his reign it was that the middle or burgher class began to rise in Bohemia; he permitted the purchase and transfer of land to the peasantry, and ruled in all things well and wisely. Meanwhile the Imperial crown of Germany was offered to his acceptance; but "by as much as all in Bohemia proceeded prosperously, by so much was the German empire in disorder and dismay. There *fist-law* prevailed: the strong were there permitted to oppress the weak, and Ottokar would not accept the imperial throne, which was mounted by Rudolph of Hapsburg."

But evil days were at hand for the excellent Bohemian chief—undeserved misfortunes, into the details of which we have no heart to enter, were brought on him by the insatiable ambition of Rudolph, and in a battle which took place near Marschek, in Austria, in the year 1278, the

good father of his people was betrayed by his general, the traitor Milota of Dedicz: in the very moment of victory, he was pierced through by an Austrian lance, and being cast to the earth, was first nearly cut to pieces by the barbarians around him, then, despoiled of its clothing, the unconscious body was subjected to the most unworthy indignities.

The grief of his people—by the nobles, of whom it nevertheless was that he was ruined, and ultimately betrayed to death — knew no bounds; they refused to believe the loss of their benefactor, and for a space of time, during which Ottokar, had he been indeed in life, must have far overpassed the age of man, his bereaved subjects fondly clung to the hope that he would return, once more, to restore the fame and happiness of his native land.

"From the heavy year 1278 to that of 1283," say the Chroniclers, "evil days prevailed in Bohemia. Strife and rapine, fire, slaughter, and the most sanguinary discords, filled the country. Wenzel, the only son of Ottokar, was a child of eight years old, and his cousin, Otho of Brandenburg, was the tyrant alike of the country, and

its king. This sovereign, Wenzel the Second, was afterwards elected King of Poland, and was offered the crown of Hungary; but that last he declined in favour of his son, Wenzel the Third. He restored tranquillity and peace to his native land, but died too early for her welfare; and Wenzel the Third, his son, after a hapless reign of one year, was assassinated at Olmütz, in the year 1306. With him was extinguished the male line of the race of Premysl, which had ruled in Bohemia for the space of six hundred years.

Discontented with Henry of Carinthia, whom they had elected as their king, but by whom they were much oppressed, the Bohemians next chose John of Luxemburg, who "was, to be sure, a great hero, but never came near Bohemia, unless when he wanted money; and even after he had become blind of both eyes would still hunt about after new adventures, until at last he fell, in the strife of heroes, at Crecy." (1346.)

To him succeeded his son, whom he had named Wenzel; but, being educated by his uncle at the court of France, the boy received the name of Charles, and was afterwards that excellent king of Bohemia (subsequently also Emperor of

Germany, by which last title he is better known), Charles the Fourth.

Of this monarch's good deeds the list would be long to tell. The University of Prague, for the services of which Charles invited the best professors from every part of Europe then capable of furnishing such; the stone Bridge over the Moldau; with many churches and monasteries, that of Emmaus among them, are works of Charles the Fourth, as is the new town of Prague, the building whereof was commenced by his orders.

It was by him that Carlsbad was founded, as already related; and the good Bohemian wines, Melniker and Czernoseker—to which your servants do such justice as good discretion permits, do not doubt it—were also introduced by that beneficent sovereign, to whose memory be all honour for the same. He procured the best vines to be found in Burgundy and along the Rhine, for that purpose; an excellent action, as the warm and thirsty weather now coming in, cannot but daily recal to the memory of all who bear a grateful mind.

"In those days," affirm the authorities, "to

be a Bohemian was an especial honour, for the fame of our nation had become widely spread through the world. Even in the German empire many of the bishops were Bohemians, the highest offices of the court were held by Bohemians, the generals were Bohemians, and the ambassadors to foreign courts were chosen from Bohemia, which caused those distant nations to send us ambassadors in their turn. For all this did the happy and peaceful Bohemians dearly love their excellent king, for whom they were ever ready to sacrifice their lives."

Before his death the Emperor Charles made an agreement with Rudolph, Duke of Austria, to the effect that the sovereigns of Austria and Bohemia should alternately succeed—each in the dominions of the other, as either should vacate the respective thrones, without leaving a natural heir. This then was the origin of the union of Bohemia with Hungary and Austria. The good emperor finally resigning the crowns, royal and imperial, to his son Wenzel the Fourth, departed from this life in the year 1378.

Wenzel reigned well and wisely for some time, but afterwards changed his conduct so materially

that he was twice imprisoned by his own subjects, and was compelled to abdicate the crown of the empire, subsequently conferred on his brother Sigismund. It was by Wenzel the Fourth, as you will doubtless remember, that St. John Nepomuk was drowned in the Moldau.

Now the Germans and Bohemians had been ever at strife, but their hatred rose to the utmost when the Magisters Johann Huss and Hyeronimus * had prevailed on the king to promulgate a law by which the votes and privileges previously enjoyed by the foreign colleges, whereof there were many belonging to Russians, Saxons, Poles, and others in the university, were diminished, to the advantage of the Bohemians, to whom this decree accorded three votes in place of one. The aggrieved students then left the university, to the number of many thousands, some even say twenty thousand, which would indeed appear improbable, were it not that seven hundred professors, and thirty thousand (one writer has forty thousand) students are declared to have resided in Prague during the session of 1409. By these persons, thus leaving Prague, the universities of

* Jerome of Prague.

Bologna, Ferrara, Leipsig, and Heidelberg, were founded or greatly enriched. The Magister Huss likewise, began at this time to preach the doctrines of Wicliff, which his friend Magister Hyeronimus had brought from England, or, as others have it, which he had himself received from certain English students, by whom he had been prevailed upon to read the works of Wickliffe. For this he was condemned to death, and burnt by the Council of Constance in the year 1415; and in the following year his friend Hieronymus suffered the same fate.

When the Bohemians heard of the Magister's death, they were much displeased with the council, and still more with the Emperor Sigismund, from whom John Huss had received a safe conduct, and whom they accused of having brought shame on the whole Bohemian nation. From that time many permitted themselves to preach the forbidden doctrines with much greater boldness. The clergy giving and the laity receiving the Lord's supper in both kinds.

The safe-conduct granted by the emperor to John Huss is as follows:

"Sigismund, by the grace of God, King of Rome, to all spiritual and temporal powers within our realm, and to all other our subjects, greeting.

"We recommend to all of you in general, and to each in particular, the honourable Magister Johann Huss, Baccalaureus of Theology and holder of this letter, who is proceeding from Bohemia to the Council of Constance, and whom we have taken under our shelter and protection.

"Our desire is that ye receive him well, and treat him favourably. Ye will supply him with all things needful to his journey, and will provide for its being made in full security. Let neither him nor his followers be molested under any pretence whatever; but let all be permitted to go forth and return with safety, taking care that there shall be no hindrance, but that he be suffered to travel, make halt, and abide, in full security.

"And if at any place such aid be found needful, let him be provided with good and sufficient passes.

"Given at Spires, this 18th of October, 1414,

in the thirty-third year of our reign in Hungary, and fifth of our Roman reign."

In the year 1419, the followers of Huss were one day advancing in solemn procession through the streets, and had just got in front of the Council House belonging to the New Town, when a stone was cast from that building on the priest by whom the sacred elements were borne. Enraged at this insult, the Hussites stormed the Council House, and threw the judge, with seven of the councillors, from the windows. The leader in this tumult was the Hussite Johann Ziska; and when King Wenzel, whose chamberlain and favourite Ziska was, heard of his boldness, "he fell into a fury of rage," says a German writer of the period, "which brought on apoplexy, and the King died soon afterwards."

Of the wars ensuing, and of the grievous disorders and struggles which followed, we have not space here to speak. They are, besides, sufficiently known; and I will but add in this place, that the Hussites, subsequently dividing into two parties, one of these joined the Catholics, on a question arising out of one of the articles of an agreement made at the Council of Basle, and

that this portion, falling, with the Catholics, on the other half of the Utraquist party (called the Taborites), destroyed them utterly in a most sanguinary battle, fought in the year 1434. With this the Hussite war came to an end, after enduring fifteen years.

The most important name among the Bohemians during the latter part of the fifteenth century, was that of their sovereign, George Podiebrad, who was elected king after the death of Ladislas, the son of Sigismund, and who fully justified the choice made of him.

Passing over a period, the highly important events of which could not be fittingly treated of in this light page, I come to one immediately preceding our own times, and will now use the exact words of a work just published here, "for the instruction of youth," by way of showing you what part in the history of the period is assigned to ourselves, who have been in the habit of fancying that our country had something to do with it: this too, not by the mere private teacher, self-elected, but by those officially entrusted with the "Instruction" of Bohemian youth.

"After the death of Leopold, in 1792, his son Francis assumed the imperial crown; and in the commencement of his reign, the terrible French war broke out. The French people, that is to say, rising against their rulers in consequence of heavy oppressions long endured, condemned the king to death, and beheaded him on the scaffold. The European sovereigns, and among them our Emperor Francis, then began to make war on the French, among whom there rose one Napoleon Bonaparte, a Corsican, and the son of a village notary: but he was a great general, and exalted himself to be the Emperor of France; yet, not content with his own dominions, he soon sought to bring other nations under his yoke.

"Now Francis had hitherto been not only Emperor of Germany, but Roman Emperor likewise: at this time, however, a large part of Germany had submitted to the French; so Francis laid down those titles, and, in 1804, assumed that of Emperor of Austria.

"But many victories having been obtained over Austria by the armies of France, the Austrian Emperor was compelled to resign a portion of

his States. Then did the Austrians, Russians, and Prussians, unite themselves against the French, under their leader, Charles, Prince of Schwarzenberg, a Bohemian noble ; and these united powers defeated Napoleon Bonaparte, near Dresden. They then furthermore conquered the same general, at Culm, near Töplitz, as he was about to fall upon Bohemia ;* after which, in a battle that lasted three days, and was fought near Leipsig, in the year 1813, they overcame him utterly, and pursued him to Paris : then they deposed him from the empire, and sent him to the Island of Elba—nay, when escaping thence, he was preparing to cause further tumults, they despatched him to the Island of St. Helena, where he died.

"After these things the German Confederation was formed, in place of the German Empire, and in this, our native land of Bohemia was incorporated: from that day to the present we have enjoyed much-desired peace, and the wounds inflicted on our fatherland by war, have been gradually healed. Agriculture, manufactures,

* Our readers will remember that the French General commanding at Culm was Vandamme.

and the arts, have regained their prosperity, the Bohemian tongue, left almost in disregard by learned men during a period of nearly two hundred years, has now begun to bloom anew, and is constantly acquiring a wider extent and higher cultivation."

Amen, and be it so; let Bohemia flourish to her heart's content, she and her land's language; but is it not strange to an English eye to see the history—history! of such a period put forth, while England is passed over without a single word of her existence. "Had she then nothing to do with the matter?" The omission appears to me sufficiently amusing. There are, without doubt, causes wherefore despotic rulers do not desire their subjects to make intimate acquaintance with our country—but enough of that, and now to speak of something else.

CHAPTER XVII.

How to have your gown made in Prague—Libraries—The Clementinum—The Premonstratensian Library—Beauty of halls—Views from windows—"Curiosities" of the Strahow cloister—Church destroyed in the Hussite wars—Public walks in Prague—The Baumgarten—Sophien-Insel—The Zdekaneska—The Petrozka — Gardens of the Kleinseite — The vine-grounds of St. Venceslas—The Volks-Garten—The Waldstein (Wallenstein) gardens—Park of the Lobkovitz palace—The gardens of the Strahow monastery—The Hradshin—Halls of Allegiance, and of the Diet—Old Bohemian custom—Charles X. of France—The ex-Emperor Ferdinand—Daliborka — Mihulka — State prisons — Tender mercies of the good old times—The Iron Bride—The Pillar of Perdition—The Tower of Hunger—The Hirsch-Graben—Orderly deportment of Bohemian populace — Procession of children — Reception of the Emperor Francis-Joseph—Church of Our Lady of Loretto.

We have just been having a merry talk with

some pleasant German girls of our acquaintance, who, in reply to questions concerning the high interests of the wardrobe, assured me, that if I would have my gowns well made, they must not be entrusted to a woman, but must by all means be given to a man. Nay, to one particular man, with whose name they obligingly furnished me, exhibiting at the same time various specimens of his handiwork, which they were so happy as to possess, but warning me that I must take patience, since he would certainly make me wait, being much sought for.

"Why then, of course," quoth my grave companion, "since we make your little dimities you make our coats, wherefore recommend me to one of your prettiest professors in the art, and she shall be my tailor."

Great outcries arose at this, the ladies declaring themselves with one accord to be shocked and affronted at so presumptuous an expectation on the part of the gentleman, and the gentleman being equally aggrieved at the unfairness of the ladies, who took his tailor for their own service, and yet refused to give him their dressmaker for his behoof.

Lightly go the hours when the young and bright come smiling around one; and for my own part, I console myself all the more readily as I see old age approaching, by the reflection that there are always plenty of bright young faces to rest one's eyes upon, if they chance to become weary of those belonging to one's faded contemporaries.

Children, birds, flowers; these, after the great beauties of the outer world, are the things that rejoice mine eyes the most, and next comes a fair bevy of girls: floating about, their light figures and graceful attitudes are delightful as the strains of music, and make one rejoice that the world does not all grow old together, for how weary should we not become of seeing only grey locks and wrinkled brows! It is a well-arranged world after all, and he who is not satisfied therewith would be puzzled to make a better: if any want work, let him try; for our parts, we are willing to be thankful for it as it stands.

This morning we went to see the monastery of Strahow: the principal hall of the library is a singularly beautiful room; it has not the gor-

geous depth of colour remarkable in the chief apartment of the Clementinum, which we visited yesterday, and which reminded us of a certain part of the magnificent library of the Vatican: the Strahow library has more gilding, and is altogether of somewhat gayer hues than we had expected to find; it is nevertheless exceedingly handsome, and the paler tints of the walnut-wood with which it is lined, would perhaps please many more than the dark oak of the Clementinum. The number of volumes contained in the Strahow library is said to be about fifty thousand, with many valuable MSS.; the monks have also a collection of coins, and one of Natural History.

But that which, under the circumstances, would have pleased me better than all—for a library that one can but *walk* through, has only the beauty of its proportions and decorations to offer—was a thing that the monks would not allow me to see, "sous pretexte," that it was within the cloistered part of the building, into which no lady might presume to enter. This was no other than the "Rozenkrantz-fest" of Albert Dürer, in the possession whereof these

fathers rejoice, and which I earnestly desired to see, "comme de raison." But no, the good-natured Dominican laughed very pleasantly at the reproaches with which I loaded him for his hard-hearted refusal; but he repeated it none the less. The gentleman might see it if he pleased. He would show "the gentleman" the pictures and everything else, but nothing nearer to my purpose could be obtained from him.

To make up for this, he laid before us the autograph of Tycho Brahe, with his portrait, and that of John Ziska, to say nothing of several fine illuminated MSS., and handsome copies of a few among our own best authors; but I found a still more effective consolation in the exquisite views presented by the windows, and in those we afterwards obtained from the garden, whose fine terraces command the whole city, with the plains beyond it, and the hills enclosing all. The church attached to the monastery is dedicated to the Assumption of the Virgin; it was built in 1140 by the reigning Duke, Wladislaw III., at the request of Heinrich Zdik, Bishop of Prague, who fancied he perceived a resem-

blance between the site on which it stands and that of Mount Sion in Jerusalem, and he gave it the additional appellation of Monte Sion accordingly. In 1419 the building was unhappily almost destroyed by the Hussites. The tomb of St. Norbert of Magdeburg is in this church, as is also that of Wladislaw I., with the monument of General Pappenheim, who fell at the battle of Lutzen in 1632. The organ is a very large one, having fifty registers and 3177 pipes.

No city of our acquaintance is better provided with places of public amusement, for the people of all ranks, than is this pleasant old town of Prague. I do not even except Vienna, which we think inferior to Prague in very many respects, and in its public gardens among the rest. The first, or principal promenade of Prague, is the Baumgarten, within a five minutes' drive of the city-gates, and a truly agreeable promenade it is. Broad and spacious rides and drives; bright, lawn-like openings, amidst noble groups of handsome trees, and pleasant walks in all directions, make the principal feature of this attractive place; in the beautiful

little meadows comprised within its bounds, they are now making hay, the perfumes whereof are indescribably rich and delightful.

Though called a garden, this enclosure is, in fact, a small park; in the midst of it, and on a very bold eminence, rises a hunting palace belonging to the Chotek family, one of high distinction in Bohemia. The house was built by Rudolf, Count Chotek, while the gardens were laid out, in what on the continent is called the English style, by his son, the Count Charles.

The Sophien-Insel, formerly called the Färber's Insel, an island, as its name makes obvious, and lying in the centre of the Moldau, close to the Franzensquai — consequently very near the centre of the town—is also a place of much resort, and this—but more especially the Baumgarten—receives the visits of the more fashionable inhabitants. Others, such as the Zdekaneska, with its neighbour, the Petrozka, both outside the Ross-markt gate, are the favourite resort of the working and middle classes. They are all well provided with music, beer, and coffee, the three principal desiderata of a Ger-

man holiday; once that first essential, a sufficing thickness of tobacco-smoke, has been duly secured. There are other gardens, but these are the most worthy of a stranger's attention, although he may likewise visit the Eisenbahn-garten with great satisfaction, the advantageous situation of those grounds making up, to a certain degree, for their want of distinction, as regards the company frequenting them. There is also a garden called the "Gross Venedig," but this, though tempting from its position, on a group of islands in the Moldau, which looks most inviting in the distance, is better seen from that distance, being much crowded by the soldiers, wherewith all Austrian cities are filled even to encumbrance. These men are not in the slightest degree noisy or disorderly, that must ne. 's be admitted, to their credit; but they do so empoison the air with their never-absent pipes, that all who delight in a pure atmosphere will do well to avoid these gardens.

Prague is furthermore supplied with an admirable walk in the "Anlagen," which have been formed along the entire line of the former defences of the town on its northern

and eastern sides; these enable the visitor to obtain admirable views of nearly every point in and around the city: much elevated, amply supplied with good gravel walks, and with the needful shadow of trees,—amidst which a liberal sufficiency of seats will be found;— these ramparts form a most valuable addition to the breathing places of the capital, and greatly surpass those of Vienna, which have been much too highly vaunted.

There is indeed no place, whence the numberless domes, minarets, &c., which have obtained for the city the well-merited name of "Prague of the Hundred Towers," can be so well seen, and the effect of these varied and beautiful structures so truly appreciated, as the Anlagen. Viewed from this elevation at sunset, more especially from the platform or terrace above the Ross-Markt Gate, to which I have more than once referred, the beauties of the scene are such, that no words can do it justice; to attempt description would but ensure fatigue to you, and a failure to myself; Prague, as beheld from this point, must be seen to be understood.

The Kleinseite, or that portion of Prague which rises up the left bank of the Moldau, is also well provided with resources of this kind—a circumstance, the importance of which, in its influence on the habits of the people, can scarcely be over-estimated.

The bold heights whereon the Hradshin stands, are laid out, as are those on the opposite side of the city, into commodious and well-gravelled walks, also furnished with seats judiciously placed in such a manner as to command the best points of view. The beautiful slopes whereby the principal of these "Anlagen"—that called the Volks-garten, namely—is attained, are still called St. Wenzel's Vineyard; they were planted with vines by the saint himself, as the popular tradition assures us, to the end that no church in the vicinity might lack wine for the celebration of the mass.

A deep ravine passes through the centre of these fine heights, and across this is thrown a light bridge of very good architectural effect; the view from this bridge is one of the most enchanting beauty, whether turning towards the peculiar-looking and picturesque city and the

hills beyond it on the one hand, or looking down upon the radiant green banks and pleasant winding pathways of the garden itself, always filled with cheerful groups of promenaders, on the other. Very difficult to please would he be who did not confess himself delighted with this view, and with the walks altogether; while for those who wish to extend their promenade, there is the attractive Baumgarten before-mentioned, at a short half-hour of distance.

In the immediate vicinity of the Hradschin, and close to the Hirsch Graben, is the Kaisergarten, or grounds attached to the summer palace of the Belvidere, a favourite retreat of the Emperor Ferdinand I. The building is sometimes—but incorrectly—called the observatory of Tycho Brahe; but that observatory was at some distance from the present palace, being close to the monastery of the Dominicans. In the garden of the Belvidere the first tulips seen in Bohemia were cultivated, and it once comprised a somewhat extensive menagerie. It is not open to the public; but as the palace to which it appertains is about to be devoted to the purposes of art, having been presented to

the "Gesellschaft Patriotische Kunstfreunde," it is to be hoped that at some future time this agreeable promenade may also be added to the many already enjoyed by the inhabitants of Prague.

While speaking of gardens and walks, it may not be amiss to mention those of the Kinsky Villa, which are not indeed open to the public; but which the courtesy of the noble owner, whose old historic name is sufficiently familiar to all, permits to be freely visited by persons bringing introductions to the city, as most people do—nay, we are told, that you will not be refused admission, though you do but present your card. These are situated on the northern slope of the Laurenziberg; the entrance to them is immediately beyond the Auzegd Gate; they are well laid out, the flower-garden in particular, exhibiting infinite taste; and their advantageous position has come usefully in aid of the gardener's well-directed skill. Commodious seats render the ascent to the summit of these admirable "hanging gardens" comparatively easy, even for those who make it on foot, as is our custom; but a good carriage-way obviates all

difficulty, for such as are unable or unwilling to do so much, and the views obtained, once you have reached the most elevated point of the grounds, are such as must repay the most exacting visitor. The whole city, with its river, bridges, and towers, the Anlagen making a handsome green girdle for the same, the broad plain or basin in which the capital stands, and the distant hills which close in all; such is the general outline of the objects presented, and however insufficient these may seem, as seen thus, in mere words, be very certain that few cities have anything approaching it to show, even though you go far to find them; while these, with all their wealth of beauty, are to be found at the very gates of Prague, and with no other labour than a short drive or moderate walk.

The gardens of the Waldstein (or as we persist in calling it, Wallenstein) palace are also mentioned as worthy of notice. Visitors are permitted to walk in them twice in each week —we have not yet seen them; serious illness in the family having caused them to be closed for the moment, but we hope this will not last. They are in the middle of that part of Prague

called the Kleinseite. Those of the Lobkovitz palace, also in the Kleinseite, but rising up the slopes of the Lorenziberg, and much more advantageously situated than the Waldstein Gardens, are eminently beautiful; they are not open to the public, but we hope soon to have an opportunity for making a closer acquaintance with their beauties; a distant glimpse of them we have already obtained from more than one point in the extensive grounds of the Strahow monastery; a very fair "pleasaunce" they seem to make.

To-day we have been to see some of the apartments of the Hradshin, and, as often happens to us, have been more delighted with the views presented from the windows, than with all that was to be seen inside the building, although much of what they showed us was exceedingly interesting. The fortress of the Hradshin is said to have had existence so early as the rule of the heathen princes of Bohemia; but the present huge mass, reported to contain upwards of 400 apartments, is, for the most part, of comparatively modern erection, and many portions of it were not completed until the time of

Maria Theresa. The handsome gate of the first inner court is a work of Scamozzi.

In the oldest part of the building now existing, is the hall of Voladislas, which the guide assured us is 212 feet long by sixty broad; the last we should have judged it to be, but the length we thought exaggerated. Here the Bohemians offer allegiance to every new sovereign after he has received the crown. In a higher floor is that Hall of the Diet, from whose windows the two imperial commissioners, Slawata and Martinitz, with their secretary, Fabricius, were thrown into the castle ditch. This was done on the twenty-third of May, 1618, and the outrage was committed in revenge for the oppressive edicts which they had recommended their masters to issue against the Protestants of Bohemia. Two small obelisks are erected on the spot where the deputies fell, and where they were happily received by a heap of manure, which saved their lives, to the great amazement of the nobles who had cast them forth, and who, far from repenting of what they had done, declared their disappointment at the result: nay furthermore, they maintained that the method they

had used, was the true and ancient Bohemian fashion of sending forth guests, when the latter had made themselves unwelcome to stay within.

Charles X. of France occupied a portion of this building for some time, and it is now the residence of Ferdinand, late Emperor of Austria, whose apartments are in the third court. The Spanish Hall, and that called the German Hall or Throne-room, are the only other parts of the modern structure that repay a visit. There are, it is true, a few portraits of the Austrian sovereigns to be seen in various rooms of other parts of the palace, but they have no particular merit as paintings, and, with few exceptions, present little interest as portraits.

Of the twenty-two towers formerly existing, four only now remain; two of these, the Daliborka and the Mihulka, were used as places of confinement for state prisoners, down to the latter part of Maria Theresa's reign: dungeons still existing attest the cruelty of the "good old times" preceding that period; and even in her day that terrible instrument of torture and death, called the Iron Bride, was yet to be seen. This was the figure of a woman,

whose arms, enclosing the doomed sufferer, pressed him close to a breast whence there issued sharply pointed daggers at the first touch; and from the deadly contact with these, the wretched creature thus cruelly embraced, was released only when life had departed.

Stories are still current among the people of Prague, in relation to another species of torture and death, which they believe to have been not unfrequently inflicted on the more or less criminal prisoners of this fortress in the old times.

Four of these unhappy creatures were bound (as is affirmed by the people—but I can find no mention of the circumstance in any well-accredited author) to a column or large stake of a square form, called the Pillar of Perdition, each occupying a side; a piece of bread and a cup of water were then put into the hand of each, and all were finally left to die.

Another relation, but equally unfurnished with authentic proof, has been made to us by an ancient dweller in Prague.

A certain part of the Hradshin, according to this account, was in old times used as a dungeon, to which the prisoner was let down

from above by cords—a not unfrequent feature in these places of confinement; but the peculiarity in this case, if the tradition still retained here may be credited, was, that the body of him who had been previously adjudged to the frightful death of hunger in this dungeon, whence the tower itself is still called the Hunger-Tower—not being removed by those who had cast him in, remained until the descent of the next sufferer, who was directed to hurl it into a lower depth, the grated door of which he was instructed to find and lift, before being himself closed up in his living tomb.

A further addition is made to the horrors of the Hunger-Tower; and prisoners are said to have been let down into these dungeons in pairs, the one with hands and feet bound, he being condemned to an instant precipitation into the lowermost depths, that receptacle for the dead before mentioned, while it was the office of his companion to lift the trap-door and plunge him in, the limbs of the latter being left free for that purpose. On one occasion two hapless brothers of a noble Moravian family were condemned to this hideous doom; but when they

had reached the floor of the uppermost prison, the younger, who had remained free, cut the bonds of the elder, who was bound, and refused to obey the commands of those who called on him to cast his brother into the depths, on pain of being thrown in with him. "From that time," says tradition, "the miserable creature thus condemned to be the executioner of his fellow, was compelled to fulfil the frightful office imposed on him before receiving his last wretched portion of food and drink;" but, as I have said, no authentic testimony to these incredible cruelties can be found, or, at least, we have not been able to find any, and may be permitted to hope that they were, in fact, never practised.

The Hirsch-Graben or ditch, forming a portion of the defences of the Hradschin, has of late years been laid out, partly as a nursery-garden, and partly as a promenade, which may be counted with those before mentioned, although not of equal interest, nor much visited.

A circumstance largely contributing to the enjoyment of the agreeable walks with which this pleasant city of Prague is endowed, is the

very orderly deportment of the people. Entering the handsome and tastefully laid-out grounds we have named, quite freely, and at all hours, their presence interferes in no manner with the pleasure to be derived from the place. Quiet and well-behaved, they suffer no riotous outcries to escape them; and that humiliating spectacle of intoxication, but too often presented in our own dear land, where the populace is permitted free entrance, is here never seen.

This morning we were awakened by the voices of children singing beneath our windows, and looking forth, perceived that the large irregular Square, as we should call it at home, but which in Bohemian towns is called a Ring, was entirely filled with long lines of these young singers, boys and girls, in almost equal abundance, to the number of many thousands. They were led by the priests of their respective parishes, with the usual accompaniment of crosses and banners, and were accompanied by their teachers, as with us, these being the children of the schools, with which Prague is well supplied. All were proceeding to the shrine of St John, as the pilgrims before men-

tioned had done, and each child held a book in its hand, from which he sang the hymns and litanies usual on these occasions.

We were sorry to see that every boy walked with uncovered head, as, indeed, did the teachers also; but the priests have, for the most part, the small calotte, or skull-cap, usually worn by their order, although they also continually divest themselves of this defence against the sun and wind, at certain parts of the ceremonies performed.

We could not but regret to see the children thus exposed, and think it highly probable that the very frequent disorders of the eyes which we perceive to prevail here among the youth of all ages, must be much aggravated—if not sometimes caused—by this imprudent practice, which, for delicate children, cannot be otherwise than dangerous. To-day there is both sun and wind to contend with—the first glowingly hot, and the second very keen, so that the alterations of temperature to which these young people are subjected, must needs, as we think, be of very bad effect for the less robust among them.

As to the girls, they have been pleased to set

up a defence against the sun, which we rarely see used at home by those of their class; and this is no other than the gayest and most dazzling array of parasols, very few of the girls being unprovided with one. The effect of the brightly-coloured silks used to make these in the large numbers and endless variety here presented, is singular enough.

During the last two days "we have been so happy as to have had our young Emperor amongst us," — to borrow the words of the "Prague Journals;"—but he has now taken his departure. Triumphal arches rose above his head as he passed through our picturesque old streets, not exactly springing up spontaneously and casting their laurels over him as of their "proper motion," (their wooden frames had, indeed, been standing many days before,) but as gay and festal-looking as red cloth and green branches, and figures of Fame, with trumpets "conform," could make them. It must needs be admitted that one of these erections produced a pitiable effect, seeing that the builders thereof

had lifted its pigmy head before the face of a noble old gate called the Pulver-Thurm, which is one of the ornaments of Prague. But the reverend structure did not condescend to frown on its neighbour of a day, although there was talk of its having done so (and somewhat inappropriately as we thought) in the verses with which a loyal paper yesterday exhorted the gate as well as the citizens, to rejoice in the general good fortune, sure to result to each and all, from this auspicious visit. We lighted up our windows, too, we Prague people, very becomingly on that occasion—your servants not excepted—although I could not say that our eight candles made quite so brilliant a display as did the myriad fires, exhibited by the Kinsky Palace, our neighbour, every column of that mansion being turned into a pillar of light for the occasion.

Other palaces, among which the Nostitz, the Clam-Gallas, and the Colloredo, shone conspicuous, were also most splendidly illuminated, and the whole city presented a very brilliant scene.

But the most pleasing effect was that produced by the bridges, the entire outline of both being marked in large lamps of the national

colours; not such as are used among ourselves, but of much softer hues, and giving to the graceful structures they adorned a singularly beautiful effect: this was much enhanced by the boats, also decorated with coloured lamps of similar kind, which moved gently over the silent waters of the Moldau, occasionally performing popular airs as they proceeded. A few buildings, scattered on the slopes of the Lorenziberg, were also illuminated, and being advantageously situated for displaying their ornaments, they added materially to the beauty of the general display.

We have just returned from the church of our Lady of Loretto, said to be an exact copy of *the* Church of Loretto—that in the March of Ancona, namely. But it is a very poor copy indeed, as might well be expected, when we remember the long years through which some of the best masters of the period were employed on the Italian church—whose delicate marble reliefs are here miserably represented by coarse plaster. There is, in fact, so little resemblance, that although the attempt at imitation is sufficiently obvious, yet no one who has seen the

original can help regretting that it has been made, since it serves no better purpose than to give a most unworthy idea of a truly beautiful structure, which that of the Italian Loretto certainly is, whatever may be thought of the event it purports to commemorate.

This, as you will doubtless remember, is the transfer, by Angels, of the House in which the Virgin received the Annunciation, from its original site to that which it is now declared to occupy; a miracle which Catholics affirm to have taken place in the year 1345.

Here, as in the Italian Chapel, the house, in one of the compartments decorating the walls, is seen passing through the air, on the shoulders of angels, while the subjects of all the other divisions, as seen at Loretto itself, are also exhibited; but the perfection of art and infinite beauty of workmanship which distinguish the original, have no place here, and a short visit will suffice all who have seen the true Loretto, while those who are only about to do so, will prepare for themselves an agreeable surprise, if they go thither with no higher expectations than those

likely to be awakened by what they will find in the Prague imitation.

The Chapel of Our Lady of Loretto, in Prague, was built in the year 1626, by the Countess Benigna Lobkovitz, on the site of houses abandoned by some of the many Protestants driven forth to suffering and want at that unhappy period, by the Emperor Ferdinand II. The chimes in the tower over the entrance, perform a hymn to the Virgin with every hour that strikes, by way of expiation for the neglect to which her worship was subjected during the abode of Protestants in that place, and in order to appease the majesty of the Queen of Heaven, offended by the long residence of heretics on the site.

In the cloisters by which the chapel is surrounded, are frescoes representing numerous saints; while events in the lives of the principal among these saints are represented in the ceiling, over their respective niches, these last being placed in alternation with the many confessionals erected within the cloisters.

Beneath the figures are inscriptions, for the

most part in Latin, making known to the reader not only what Saint is represented above, but also for what particular malady or misfortune the intercession of the "Patron and Protector" before him is most effectually offered to the Almighty. Some of these, which we copied, are here inserted for your edification.

First we have St. Blaise, Bishop and Martyr, who is to be entreated against all complaints of the throat; next, St. Roch and St. Stafirinus, who cure the plague; then, St. Florianus, to be invoked against fire, and St. Liborinus, also a Bishop and Martyr, whose power is chiefly displayed by the cure of internal disease. These are followed by Santa Barbara, here called the refuge of the dying, and by the Virgin Martyr, St. Ottilia, whose power is displayed in defence of the eyes, as we know is that of Santa Lucia; but we did not remark her figure in the cloisters. Santa Rosalia is here, however, and we are recommended to invoke her against the plague; we have also St. Margaret with her dragon, but there is no especial efficacy attributed to her name.

In each angle of the cloister there is

besides a huge chapel, with groups of figures in terra-cotta, and fully the size of life: they are similar in character to those of St. Francis on the Lago di Orta, and of the Shrine of Our Lady at Varallo, in the Milanese. But these of Prague, are very inferior in merit to those exhibited at the Italian shrines: the latter comprise several hundred figures, the groups of all the numerous chapels included, and are justly as well as highly celebrated among Catholics, for their beauty no less than for their sanctity. They are, indeed worthy of admiration, and are not, as we think so much visited by our country-people as their peculiarity and artistic beauty would entitle them to be.

The image of the Virgin of Loretto exhibited here, is not an unfaithful representation of that at the Italian Loretto; the silver decorations of her shrine are also rich, but whether equally so with that of her Italian prototype, my memory does not enable me to say. They weigh six hundred pounds, as the guardian exultingly assured us.

The embroidered robes of the Virgin, which are kept in the treasury of the church, and

are under the care of Capucin monks, are also of immense value, and there is a monstrance enriched with diamonds, to the number, as is reported, of six thousand, six hundred, and sixty six stones; we do not profess to have counted them, but have no reason to doubt that the number is as stated.

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